

LET US FOLLOW HIM

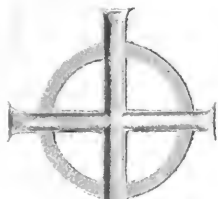
BY THE
AUTHOR
OF

QUO VADIS

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO





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Maurice J Dorney



LET US FOLLOW HIM
AND OTHER STORIES

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"He rested His gaze on her pale, suffering face."—Page 67

Let Us Follow Him

AND OTHER STORIES

By the Author of
QUO VADIS

TRANSLATED FROM THE POLISH BY

Vatslaf A. Hlasko & Thos. H. Bullick



NEW YORK
R. F. FENNO & COMPANY
9 AND 11 EAST 16TH STREET

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BY
R. F. FENNO & COMPANY

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DEDICATION.

This little book is dedicated to the one from whom we first received encouragement in our work, and whose sympathy and assistance has enabled us to transform a passing fancy into a reality,

V. A. H. and T. H. B.



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INTRODUCTION.

“HE who would bring to life a real work of art,” says Tolstoi, “must possess these three things: a true, moral attitude toward the subject; clear expression, or, what is the same thing, beauty of form; and, thirdly, sincerity—unfeigned love or unfeigned hatred for what he depicts.”

Faithfulness, beauty, sincerity: add to these insight; the power of intending the mind on things, and thus discerning in them qualities of truth and joy unseen by others—and we have a standard and measure for a new work like “*Quo Vadis*.”

A true moral attitude toward his subject Sienkiewicz certainly has; he has also great vividness and beauty—the power of natural magic, that makes words live,

Perfect sincerity—unfeigned love and hate—none can deny him; yet his success is due rather to another gift—that power to discern new qualities of truth and beauty, where others, looking long, have not seen them. He has touched with new light the things that have held our eyes for centuries—the life and times of the Galilean Teacher.

The return of art to early Christian times is the most remarkable spiritual fact in the culture of the modern Slavs. It is as earnest and universal as was the socialism of the last generation, with its Hertzens, its Bakunins, its “Virgin Soil,” its “House of Death.” The Teuton and the Slav divide the modern world. The Teuton is all for thought; the Slav, for feeling and a visible outcome in conduct. The Teuton weaves a theory; the Slav, a revolution, or—a new religion. So in matters of faith: the Teuton seeks to discern the truth of past ages; the Slav, to follow the

truth to-day. The Teuton asks: Did Jesus teach thus? The Slav asks: Can we live the message and follow Him?

The first story in the present volume illustrates this; it illustrates, yet more powerfully, that quality of insight which we have found in Sienkiewicz; that power of touching the old and familiar with a strangely vivid light. Note the treatment of Pilate; the urbanity and ripeness of the Roman world, and—its futility; very fair and beautiful—but lacking the heart of the matter. The contrast between the two worlds is strongly dramatic; it is the Last Supper, with the Banquet of the Satires as pendant.

Slavonic writers love to begin a story with the wide, sunlit sky; the abounding whiteness of the horizon; the vast overhanging firmament. Under that limitless light human life loses its bitter realism; grows soft and transparent, and at

the same time takes on a hue of sadness and fatalism—the Nemesis of the Greeks under a veil of Christian resignation.

The first quality—love of light and wide spaces of air—fills Sienkiewicz's tale, "*Sielanka*"—an idyl, full of the morning gladness and mystery of the forests; the second—sadness, resignation, the message of death—inspires his "*Light in Darkness*."

The fable of Valmiki and Krishna, with the lady of the lotus, shows that Sienkiewicz has caught the light of the Indian Renaissance; something of the message of that marvelous vanished past, that glows with the sunset splendor of an older world.

Finally, the tale of the circus children brings us to scenes of Sienkiewicz's own life in California; while the religious spirit that breathes through all his works is here too.

The Slavonic school are quite earnest in

their endeavor to give the modern world a true picture of the Man of Sorrows; yet their sad fatalism does not satisfy our wills. There is humility—there are also power and valor, and we yet await the message of the Man of Joy.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

LET US FOLLOW HIM.



LET US FOLLOW HIM.

CHAPTER I.

CAIUS SEPTIMUS CINNA was a Roman patrician. His youth was spent in the hard life of the camp. Later he returned to Rome to enjoy his honors and to spend, in luxurious living, his large but rapidly diminishing fortune. He enjoyed to his full bent all that the great city could give him. His nights were spent at feasts in magnificent suburban villas; his days were passed in polemical controversies with the lanists, in discussions with the rhetors at the trepidaria, where they had debates interspersed with gossip of the city and the world; at the circuses, at the races, at the fights of the gladiators, with the Thracian fortune-tellers, and with the wonderful

dancing girls brought from the islands of the archipelago.

Being a relative, on his mother's side, of the famous Lucullus, he inherited the tastes of an epicure. At his table were served Greek wines, oysters from Neapolis, locusts from Numidia, preserved in honey from Pontus, and all that Rome possessed he obtained, beginning with the fishes from the Red Sea, to the white birds from the banks of the Boristenes. He used the good things of this world not only as a soldier who boisterously feasts, but also as a patrician who daintily selects. He persuaded himself to, or perhaps awakened within himself an admiration for beautiful things; for statues excavated from the ruins of Corinth, for the epilychnia from Attica, for Etruscan vases or those brought from the misty Sericum, for Roman mosaics, for textile fabrics from the vicinity of the Euphrates, for

Arabian incense, and for all those small objects which go to fill up the emptiness of patrician life. He knew how to speak of them as a connoisseur with the older patricians who ornamented their bald heads with garlands of roses, and who chewed heliotrope after their feasts. He felt equally the beauty of the periods of Cicero, of the verses of Horace or Ovid. Being educated by an Athenian rhetor, he spoke Greek fluently, memorized whole chapters of the Iliad, and during the feasts would sing the songs of Anacreon until he was either drunk or hoarse. Through his master and the rhetors he became familiar with the philosophies to such an extent that he understood the architecture of the different mental structures reared in Hellas and the Colonies; he further understood that they were lying in ruins. He knew personally a great many stoics who were not congenial to

him because he regarded them rather as a political party, and also as tetricks who are opposed to the joys of life. The skeptics were often seated at his table, where between courses they upset whole systems of philosophy, proclaiming, by the craters filled with wine, that the delights of life were vanity, that truth was something unattainable, that absolute quietude was the true aim of all sages.

He heard all this, but it made no deep impression on him. He did not profess any particular principles, and did not care to do so. He looked upon life as upon the sea, where the wind blew as it pleased, and wisdom to him was the art of trimming his sails. Besides, he valued the broad shoulders which he possessed, his healthy stomach, his handsome Roman head, with its strong profile and mighty jaws; with these he felt sure he could pass safely through the world.

Although not belonging to the school of the skeptics he practically was a skeptic, and also a hedonist, though he knew that luxury was not happiness. Being ignorant of the true teachings of Epicurus he regarded himself as an epicurean. Generally he looked upon this philosophy as a kind of mental gymnastics as good as that taught by the lanists. When he was tired of debates he went to the circus to see blood flow at the gladiatorial contests.

In the gods he did not believe, nor in virtue, truth or happiness. He believed only in auguries; he had his superstitions, and the mysterious faiths of the orient aroused his curiosity. He was of the opinion that life was a great amphora, the better the quality of the wine it contained the richer it looked, so he was trying to fill his amphora with the richest wine. He loved no one, but he liked many things, and amongst them his mag-

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nificent head and his handsome patrician foot.

In the first years of his elegantly riotous leisure he was ambitious to astonish all Rome, and he succeeded in this several times. Later he became indifferent to such conquests.

CHAPTER II.

IN the end, by his manner of living he ruined himself. His property was seized by his creditors and in its place was left to Cinna a sense of great weariness, as if exhausted after hard labor, satiety, and one more very unexpected thing, namely, a feeling of deep unrest. Had he not enjoyed riches, love, as it was understood by his surrounding world, luxury, the glory of war and military honors, dangers? Had he not obtained a knowledge, more or less, of the Circle of human thought;

had he not come in contact with poetry and art? Now he thought that he had gleaned from life all that it had to give. Yet he had the feeling that something had eluded him and that something of most importance. He knew not what it was, and vainly he questioned himself and tried to solve the enigma. Often he tried to free himself from these obtruding thoughts which increased his restlessness; he tried to convince himself that life contained nothing more than that which he had tasted, but his restlessness instead of decreasing grew to such an extent that it seemed to him that he was not only disturbed on his own behalf, but also on behalf of all Rome. He envied the skeptics, at the same time condemning them for their opinion that the yearnings of life could be satisfied with vacuity. In him were two personalities: one of which

seemed to be astonished at his restlessness and the other recognized its justness.

Shortly after the loss of his property, through the powerful influence of his family, Cinna was appointed to a government post at Alexandria, in order that in this rich country he might regain his fortune. His restlessness embarked with him on a ship at Brundisium and was his associate during the sea voyage. In Alexandria Cinna thought that his governmental occupation, meeting with new people, another world, fresh impressions, would free him from this importunate associate, but he was mistaken. One month passed—two—then as the grain of Demetra brought from Italy waxed stronger in the rich soil of the Delta, so this restlessness from a small bush grew into a mighty cedar tree, and threw dark and darker shadows on Cinna's soul.

At the beginning Cinna tried to sup-

press this feeling by indulging in the same kind of life that he had led in Rome. Alexandria was a luxurious city, full of Greek maidens with golden hair and light complexions, which the Egyptian suns coated with amber-colored transparent hues. In their embraces he sought surcease.

Even this satiated him, and he began to contemplate suicide. By this means many of his friends had escaped the troubles of life, and at much less provocation than Cinna's—often from ennui, emptiness, or for absence of desire for further enjoyments. A slave, holding in his hand a sword, strongly and dexterously, in one moment would finish all. Cinna was haunted by these thoughts, and when he had nearly decided to follow their beckoning, a wonderful dream he had restrained him. It seemed to him that he was crossing a river and there on the opposite bank

was his restlessness awaiting him, in the form of an emaciated old slave, who bowed low before him and said, "I came before you so that I might meet you." For the first time in his life Cinna was sore afraid, because he understood that inasmuch as he could not think of a future life without this restlessness they would be there together. As a last resort he decided to approach the philosophers who swarmed in the Serapeum, thinking that perhaps with them he would find a solution of the problem. Truly they were unable to answer him, and they titled him "*ton mou-seion*," which title they often gave to Romans of high birth and station. At this time it was very little consolation to him; the stamp of wisdom given to one who was unable to answer a most vital question seemed to Cinna ironical. Yet he thought the Serapeum might unveil its wisdom

gradually, and he did not entirely lose hope.

Most active among the philosophers in Alexandria was noble Timon the Athenian, a man of great wealth and a Roman citizen. He had lived over a decade in Alexandria, where he came to study the mysterious Egyptian sciences. It was said of him that there was not a manuscript or papyrus in the Biblioteka which he had not read, and that he was possessed of all human wisdom. He was a man of pleasant and reasonable temperament. Out of a multitude of pedants and small commentators Cinna at once recognized his worth and associated with him, which relation after a time ripened into a near intimacy and even friendship. The young Roman admired his skill in dialectics, the eloquence and logic with which the old man spoke of the sublime things pertaining to the destiny of mankind and the

world. It appeared to him as if his logic were combined with a certain melancholy. Later, when their relations had become closer, Cinna often desired to inquire of the old man the cause of this melancholy and at the same time to open his heart to him. Somehow in the end he came to it.

One evening, after a heated discussion on the question of the transmigration of souls, they remained alone on a terrace overlooking the sea, and Cinna, taking Timon by the hand, openly confessed to him the great torture of his life and the cause that led him to seek near relations with the scientists and philosophers of the Serapeum: "At last I have gained this much," he said in the end; "I have got to know thee, Timon, and now I am sure if thou canst not solve the problem of my life, no one else can." Timon, who had been watching the reflection of the new

moon on the smooth surface of the sea, said :

“Dost thou see, oh, Cinna, the flocks of birds which come from the dreary north, dost thou know what they seek in Egypt?”

“I know they seek warmth and light.”

“The human soul also seeks warmth, which is love, and light, which is truth. But the birds know where to fly for their good; human souls fly in the desert, are astray, restless, and melancholy.”

“Noble Timon, why can they not find the way?”

“Formerly people found peace and rest in the gods, but now faith in the gods is burned out like the oil in the lamp. Later they thought that philosophy would be the sun of truth for human souls—to-day, as you know best yourself, on its ruins in Rome, in the academy at Athens, and here, sit the skeptics, and it seems to

them that they have brought peace, but they have brought only unrest. For to renounce the warmth and light is to leave the soul in darkness, which is restlessness. So with outstretched hands we gropingly seek the exit."

"Have you found it yourself?"

"I sought and did not find it. Thou soughtest it in luxury, I in meditation, and both of us are surrounded with darkness. Know, therefore, that not only thou sufferest, but that in thee suffers the soul of the whole world. No doubt, long ago thou didst cease to believe in the gods."

"In Rome they worship the gods still publicly, and even get new ones from Asia and Egypt, but perhaps only the vegetable venders, who in the morning come from the country to the city, believe sincerely in them."

"And they alone are peaceful."

“Just as they who here bow to cats and onions.”

“Just as the animals who after gorging themselves desire sleep.”

“In such a case is life worth living?”

“Do you know where death will bring us?”

“So what is the difference between the skeptics and you?”

“Skeptics accept the darkness or they pretend to accept, while I am tortured in it.”

“And you see no salvation?”

Timon remained silent for a time, then answered slowly and with a certain hesitation. “I wait for it.”

“Where from?”

“I do not know.”

He leaned his head upon his hand, and as influenced by the silence that reigned upon the terrace, he began to speak in a low, gentle voice:

“It is a wonderful thing and it seems to me sometimes that if the world had contained nothing more than that which we now know, and if we could be nothing more than that which we now are, restlessness would not be in us. Thus in sickness we have the hope of health. The faith in Olympus and philosophy is dead, but the health is perhaps some new truth which I know not.

.

Contrary to his expectation, to Cinna this conversation brought great relief. Learning that not only he, but the whole world, was weighed down with sin and sorrow, he experienced the feeling as if a heavy load was taken from his shoulders and shared by thousands of others.

CHAPTER IV.

SINCE then the friendship between Cinna and the old Greek became closer. They visited each other more frequently and shared their thoughts as bread is divided at a feast. Although Cinna felt that sense of weariness which always follows enjoyment, still he was too young a man for life to lose all its attractions, and such an attraction he found in Anthea, the only daughter of Timon.

Her fame in Alexandria was not less than that of her father. She was adored by honorable Romans, who visited the house of Timon. She was adored by the Greeks, she was adored by the philosophers of the Serapeum, and she was adored by the people. Timon did not shut her up in the gynaceum as other women were confined, and he carefully instructed her in all his knowledge.

When she had passed her childhood he read with her Greek books, and even Roman and Hebrew; being gifted with an extraordinary memory, and reared in polyglot Alexandria, she had learned to speak these languages fluently. She was his companion in his thoughts, often took part in discussions, which in the time of the Symposiums took place in the house of Timon, often in the labyrinth of difficult problems, she never lost herself, and like Ariadne, she safely led out others. Her father regarded her with great admiration and honor. Besides, she was surrounded by a mysterious enchantment verging on holiness, for the reason that she had prophetic dreams and visions in which she saw things invisible to the eyes of mortals. The old sage loved her as his own soul, and for that reason he was afraid to lose her, because she often said that in her dreams appeared some malign-

nant spirits and a wondrous light. She knew not whether it were the fountain of life or death.

Meanwhile she was surrounded by love. Egyptians who visited the house of Timon called her *Lotus*, because that flower was worshipped on the banks of the Nile, or perhaps because he who saw her once might forget the whole world.

Her beauty was equal to her wisdom. Egyptian suns had not bronzed her face, in which the rosy rays of dawn seemed to be inclosed in the transparency of a pearly shell; her eyes were as blue as the Nile, and her glances seemed to come from distances as unknown as do the waters of this mysterious river. When Cinna saw and heard her the first time, on returning to his home, he felt inclined to rear an altar to her honor in the atrium of his house, and sacrifice on it white doves. He had met in his life thousands

of women, beginning from the maidens of the far north, with white eyelashes and hair of the color of ripened corn, to Numidians, black as lava, but until now he had never met such a form, nor such a soul. The more he saw of her, the better he knew her; the more he heard her speak, the greater grew his astonished admiration. Sometimes he who did not believe in the gods thought that Anthea could not be the daughter of Timon, but of some god, and that she was half a woman and half an immortal.

Soon Cinna found that he loved her with a great and unconquerable love, as different from any feeling awakened before as Anthea was different from all other women. He wanted to possess her only to worship her. For this he was ready to give his life. He felt that he would rather be a pauper with her than Cæsar without her. And as the vortex of

an ocean whirlpool engulfs with its irresistible power all that approaches its circle, so Cinna's love absorbed his soul, heart, thoughts; his days, nights, and all that composed his life.

At last this great love engulfed Anthea.

"*Tu felix, Cinna,*" said his friends to him. "*Tu felix, Cinna,*" he repeated to himself. And when at last he wedded her, and her divine lips had uttered the sacramental words: "Where thou art, Caius, there am I, Caia," then it seemed to him that his happiness would be as an inexhaustible and limitless sea.

CHAPTER V.

A YEAR passed and the young wife continued to receive honor and homage as it accorded to one divine. She was to her husband as the apple of his eye, love,

wisdom, light. But Cinna comparing his happiness to the sea forgot that the sea ebbs and flows. After a year Anthea was afflicted with a cruel and unknown disease. Her dreams changed into terrible visions which exhausted her life. In her face died out the light of dawn and there only remained the transparency of the pearly shells: her hands became translucent, her eyes sank away, and the rosy lotus became as white as a marble statue. It was observed that the buzzards hovered over Cinna's house, which was considered an omen of death in Egypt. Her terrifying visions increased. When in the mid-day hours the sun flooded the world with its brilliant whiteness and the city was submerged in silence, it appeared to Anthea that she heard around herself the quick steps of some invisible beings, and that in the depths of the air she saw a dry, yellow, corpse-like face, looking on her

with its black eyes. Those eyes looked into hers piercingly, as if calling her to follow it somewhere into gloomy darkness, full of mystery and terror. Then Anthea's body began to tremble, as if in a fever, her forehead was covered with pallor and drops of cold sweat, and this worshipped priestess of the fireside was changing into a defenseless and frightened child, who, hiding herself on the breast of her husband, repeated with whitened lips, "Save me, Caius ! defend me !"

Caius was ready to fight every specter from the subterranean caves of Proserpine, but vainly his eyes searched space. As usual at the noon hour the place was deserted. The white light flooded the city; the sea seemed to burn in the sun, and in the silence was only heard the cry of the buzzards, circling over the house.

The visions became more frequent, then they occurred daily. They persecuted

Anthea no less outside of the house than they did in the atrium and living rooms. Cinna, by the advice of physicians, brought Egyptian Sambucins and Bedouins to play on porcelain flutes, so that their noisy music might drown the voices of the invisible beings. But this was of no avail. Anthea heard these voices in the midst of the greatest noise, and when the sun was so high in the heavens that shadows lay around the feet as a robe dropped from the shoulders, there in the heated, trembling air appeared the corpse-like face gazing on Anthea with its beady eyes receding slowly, as if saying "follow me."

Sometimes it seemed to Anthea as if the lips of the corpse moved slowly. Sometimes it seemed that there issued from them black, repulsive beetles, which flew to her through the air. The very memory of this vision filled her eyes with terror,

and in the end her life became so frightful a torture that she implored Cinna to hold his sword so that she might kill herself, or that he would let her partake of poison.

This he knew he could not do. He was willing with his sword to let out his own life's blood, but kill her he could not. When he imagined her dead face, with closed eyelids, pale with the cold quietude of death and her breast torn with his sword, he felt that to do so he must first become mad.

A certain Greek physician said to him that it was Hecate who appeared to Anthea, and that those invisible beings whose rustlings terrified the patient belonged to the band of that baneful divinity. According to him there was no help for Anthea, since all those who saw Hecate must die.

Then Cinna, who not long ago would have sneered at a belief in Hecate, offered

to this goddess sacrifices of a hecatomb. But the offering availed not, and the next day the spectral eyes gazed at Anthea.

They tried to veil her head, but she saw the corpse-like face even through the thickest covering. When she was confined in a darkened room the face looked upon her from the walls, dispelling the darkness with a pale, ghost-like phosphorescence. In the evening-tide the patient felt better. Then she lapsed into such a profound sleep that it seemed to both Cinna and Timon that she would never awaken again. Soon she got so weak that she could not walk unassisted. They carried her in a litter.

The old restlessness of Cinna returned again with a hundred-fold force, and completely took possession of him. There was in him a great fear for Anthea's life, and a strange feeling that somehow, in some way, her sickness had a mysterious

relation to those unsolvable problems which he had discussed with Timon in their first serious conversation. It may have been that the old sage thought likewise, but Cinna did not wish and was afraid to question him about it. Meanwhile the patient was fading like a flower in whose cup nestles the poisonous spider.

Cinna, battling with despair, yet tried all means to save her. First, he carried her to the plains in the vicinity of Memphis, but when the deep silence of the pyramids did not relieve her, he returned to Alexandria and surrounded her with fortune-tellers and magicians, soothsayers and a motley crowd of pretenders, who duped credulous people with their so-called miraculous medicine. He had no choice and grasped every means in sight.

At this time there arrived in Alexandria from Cæsarea a famous Jewish physician by the name of Joseph, son of Khuza.

Cinna brought him at once to his wife, and for a moment hope returned to his heart. Joseph, who did not believe in the Greek and Roman gods, discarded with derision every thought of Hecate. He contended that it was demons that possessed the patient and advised them to leave Egypt, where, beside demons, the miasma of the swampy Delta impaired her health. He advised also, perhaps for the reason that he was a Jew, that they should go to Jerusalem as a city to which demons have no access, and where the air is dry and healthy.

Cinna still more willingly followed this advice, first, because he had no other advice to follow, and secondly, that over Jerusalem ruled a Procurator who was known to him, and whose ancestors in the olden times had been clients of the house of Cinna.

When they arrived in Jerusalem, Pro-

curator Pontius Pilate received them with great hospitality, presented them his summer villa, near the walls of the city, in which to reside. Even before his arrival the hope of Cinna was shattered. The corpse-like face looked on Anthea even on the deck of the ship, and after their arrival at their destination the patient awaited the noon hour with the same deadly fear as previously in Alexandria.

Thus their days were passed with feelings of oppression, fear, despair, and expectation of death.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the atrium, despite the fountain near by, the shady portico and the early hour, it was intensely hot; the marble radiated the heat of the vernal sun, and close by the house grew an old and large pistachio tree, which threw its shade over a great

space. The breeze played in the open space, and Ciinna commanded a chair, decked with hyacinths and apple blossoms, to be placed under the tree for Anthea. Then seating himself by her side he placed his palm on her white and wasted hand, and said:

“Is it good for thee here, Carissima?”

“It is good,” answered she in a faint voice.

She closed her eyes as if sleeping gently. Silence ensued: the breeze sighed through the branches of the pistachio tree and on the ground around the chair played golden circlelets of light falling through the leaves, and the locusts chirped in the crevices of the stones.

Shortly the patient opened her eyes. “Caius,” she said, “is it true that in this land appeared a philosopher who healed the sick?”

“Here they call this one a prophet,”

answered Cinna. "I have heard of him and intended to call him to thee, but it appears that he was a false miracle-worker. Besides he blasphemed against the temple and the law of the land, therefore Pilate gave him up to death, and to-day he will be crucified."

Anthea bowed her head.

"Time will heal thee," said Cinna, seeing her sorrow, which was reflected on his face.

"Time is in the service of death, not life," answered she slowly.

Again silence ensued; around her constantly played the golden circlelets; the locusts chirped still louder, and from the crevices of the rocks glided small lizards and chameleons seeking sunny spots.

Cinna's glance rested tenderly on Anthea and for the thousandth time despairing thoughts passed through his mind, that all means of help were exhausted,

that not a spark of hope remained, and that soon this loved form would become only a fleeting shadow and a handful of dust inurned in a columbarium.

Reclining there in the blossom-bedecked chair she looked as if death had called her his own.

“I will follow thee, too,” thought Cinna.

Suddenly was heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Anthea’s face became at once deadly white, her half-parted lips breathed convulsively, her breast heaved quickly—the unhappy martyr felt that it was the band of her invisible tormentors which always heralded the appearance of the hideous corpse with the horrible glaring eyes. But Cinna, taking her hand, reassured her, saying:

“Anthea, fear not. I also hear the footsteps.”

Shortly he added:

“This is Pontius, coming to visit us.”

And truly there appeared in a bend of the path the Procurator, accompanied by two slaves. He was not a young man. He had a round, carefully shaven face, which showed an assumption of authority commingled with an air of weariness.

“I salute thee, noble Cinna, and thee, divine Anthea!” said he, entering under the shade of the pistachio. “After the cool night the day is now warm. Oh, that it would be fortunate to you both that the health of Anthea would blossom as the hyacinths and apple buds that adorn her chair.”

“Peace to thee, and welcome,” answered Cinna.

The Procurator, seating himself upon a fragment of rock, looked at Anthea anxiously and said:

“Loneliness gives birth to melancholy and sickness, and in the midst of crowds one cannot be afraid, so I will give thee

counsel. To our misfortune this is neither Antioch nor Cæsarea, there are no gladiatorial contests or races, and if a circus should appear these fanatics would tear it to pieces the second day. Here you hear only the one word, 'law,' and this 'law' opposes everything. I would rather be in Scythia than here."

"What speaketh thou about, Pilate?"

"True it is, I wandered away from the subject. But my troubles are the cause of it. I said that in the midst of crowds there was no place for fear. To-day you have a chance of witnessing a sight. In Jerusalem we should be satisfied with that which we can get, and above all it is necessary that at noon-time Anthea should be amidst the crowd. To-day will die on the cross three men. It is better to see this than nothing. Besides, on account of the Passover, there has gathered in the city a strange, grotesque crowd of religious fa-

natics from all over the country; you can observe them. I will order a good position reserved for you near the crosses. I hope the condemned men will die bravely. One of them is a strange Character: he says he is the Son of God. He is sweet as a dove, and truly has done nothing for which he could deserve death."

"And thou condemnedst him to the cross?"

"I wished to drop trouble from my hands, and at the same time not to arouse the nest of hornets that swarmed around the temple. They are sending complaints to Rome about me anyway. Besides, why bother about one who is not a Roman citizen?"

"He will not suffer the less on that account."

The Procurator did not answer and shortly began to speak, as if to himself: "There is one thing I do not like; that is,

extremism. When this is proclaimed to me it robs me of my pleasure for the whole day. The golden mean, according to my opinion, is what common-sense commands us to observe. There is no place in the world where this principle is more neglected than here. Oh, how all this tortures me! Oh, how it tortures me! There is no quietness, no equilibrium, either in man or nature; for instance, now it is spring, the nights are cold, and in the daytime it is so hot that one cannot walk on the stones. Noon is far off—look how it is! And as for people—let us not speak of them! I am here since I cannot help it—why speak of it? I would again wander from the subject. Go and see the crucifixion. I am sure that this Nazarene will die bravely. I ordered him scourged, thinking by this to save him from death. I am not a cruel man. When he was scourged he was as patient as a lamb and blessed the people.

When his blood was dripping he lifted his eyes upward and prayed. He is the most wonderful man I have seen in my life. On his account my wife did not give me any peace or one moment's rest. 'Do not let the innocent die,' from the early dawn she constantly said. I wished to save him. Twice I climbed the Bima and addressed the fanatical priests and this unclean crowd. They clamored with one voice, throwing back their heads and opening wide their mouths, 'Crucify him! Crucify him!'"

"And thou didst yield?" said Cinna.

"Because in the city would have occurred turbulent riots, and I am placed here to preserve the peace. I must do my duty. I do not like excesses, and besides I am very tired; but when I once decide to do something I do not hesitate to sacrifice, for the general good, the life of one man, especially if he is an unknown

man about whom none will inquire. It is bad for him that he is not a Roman citizen."

"The sun shines not over Rome alone," whispered Anthea.

"Divine Anthea," replied the Procurator, "I would answer thee that over this whole earth the sun shines on the Roman Empire, and for its good it behooves us to sacrifice all, and riots undermine our dignity. But before all I pray thee, do not ask from me that I change my decree. Cinna will tell thee also that it cannot be, and when a decree is once promulgated Cæsar alone could change it. Even if I desired I could not. Is not that the truth, Caius?"

"It is so."

To Anthea these words caused a visible agitation, and she said, thinking perhaps of herself :

“So, then, it is possible to suffer and die without guilt.”

“No one is without guilt,” answered Pontius. “This Nazarene did not commit any crime, therefore as Procurator I washed my hands. But as a man I condemned his doctrine. For a purpose, I conversed with him freely, desiring to examine him, and I was convinced he proclaimed unheard-of things. It is difficult! The world must rest on cool reason. Who denies that virtue is needed? Certainly not I. But only the stoics teach us to bear adversity with serenity, and they do not require us to renounce everything from our estates to our dinner. Cinna, thou art a reasonable man, what wouldst thou think of me if I should give this house in which thou livest to the ragged beggars who sun themselves at the city gates? And this is what he requires. Again he says that we should love all peo-

ple equally: Jews the same as Romans, Romans as Egyptians, Egyptians as Africans. I confess I have had enough of it. At the critical time when I spoke with him he did not seem concerned about his life, but he behaved as if the question concerned some one else; he was preaching and praying. I am not called upon to save a man who cares little to save himself. Then, he calls himself the Son of God, and destroys the foundation upon which the world rests, and therefore harms men. Let him think what he pleases in his own mind, but not destroy. As a man I protest against his doctrine. If I do not believe, for instance, in the gods, 'tis my affair. Yet, I acknowledge the need of religion, and announce it publicly, since I recognize that religion for the people is a bridle. The horses must be securely fastened. Besides, to this Naza-

rene death should have no terrors, for he affirms that he will rise from the dead."

Cinna and Anthea looked at each other with astonishment.

"That he will arise from the dead?"

"No more, no less: after three days. So at least announce his disciples. I forgot to ask him. That is of little consequence, as death frees us from all promises. Even if he does not arise from the dead he will lose nothing, for according to his teachings true happiness, together with life eternal, begins only after death. He really speaks of it as one who is certain. His hades is more bright than our sunny world, and the more one suffers here the more surely he will enter there; he must only love, love, and love."

"A wonderful doctrine," said Anthea.

"And they clamored to thee, 'Crucify him?'" queried Cinna.

“I even do not wonder hatred is the soul of these people. What then, if not hatred, would clamor for the cross, for love?”

Anthea placed her wasted hand upon her forehead.

“And is he sure that we will live and be happy—after death?”

“On this account neither the cross nor death affrights him.”

“How good that would be, Cinna.”

Shortly she asked again:

“How does he know all this?”

The Procurator, making a dissenting gesture with his hand, answered:

“He says that he knows it from the Father of all men, which is for the Jews the same as Jupiter is to us, with this difference, according to the Nazarene, that he is One alone and all merciful.”

“How good that would be, Caius,” repeated the patient.

Cinna opened his lips as if he would speak, but remained silent, and the conversation ceased.

Pontius evidently meditated further on the strange teachings of the Nazarene, for he shook his head negatively, and at intervals shrugged his shoulders. At last he rose and began saying farewell.

Suddenly Anthea said:

“Caius, let us go hence and see this Nazarene.”

“Hasten,” said the departing Pilate, “soon the procession will start.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE day, which in the morning had been hot and clear, became overcast at noon. From the northeast came dark and coppery clouds, not very large, but ominous and pregnant with storm. Between them could yet be seen frag-

ments of the blue sky, but it could be easily foreseen that they would soon all come together and veil the horizon. Meanwhile the sun tinged the side of the clouds with gold and fire. Over the city itself, and adjoining hills, was still outstretched an expanse of blue sky, and beneath the wind was still.

On a high plateau, called Golgotha, stood, here and there, small crowds of people who had come in advance of the procession. The sun shone on the wide, rocky spaces, desolate, barren, and melancholy. Their gray, monotonous color was interrupted here and there with a black net of crags and fissures, which seemed more black in contrast with the brightness of the plateau, which was flooded with sunshine. Far away were seen higher hills, equally desolate, veiled in the blue mist of the distance.

Lower, between the walls of the city

and the plateau of Golgotha, lay a plain, broken in places with terraces of rock, but less barren. From out the fissures of the rocks in which rich loam had collected grew fig trees, with leaves scarce and poor. Occasionally arose buildings fastened like swallows' nests to the rocks, or white painted graves glistening in the sunlight. The influx of people from the country for the holy days caused them to rear close to the walls of the city multitudes of huts and tents, thus creating many camps, full of men and camels.

The sun rose higher and higher in the clear part of the sky. The hour was approaching when deep silence reigned on these hills, and all nature sought the shade. And even now, in great contrast to the living crowds, sorrow seemed to brood over this place where the blinding light fell not on the green turf, but on the masses of gray desolate rock. The

murmur of far distant voices coming from the walls, changed as if into the ripple of the waves, and seemed to be absorbed in the silence.

The scattered groups of people, who from the early morn had awaited on Golgotha, now turned their faces toward the city, from whence they expected the procession to start every moment.

Anthea now arrived, carried in a litter, escorted by soldiers who were sent by the Procurator, to clear the way and protect her against the fanatical crowds who hated all foreigners. Near to the litter walked Cinna, in the company of the centurion Rufilus.

Anthea was more quiet and less terrified at the approach of the noon time, threatening her with those frightful visions which sapped her life. The memory of what the Procurator had said to her of the young Nazarene absorbed her

thoughts and turned her attention away from her own misery. It all seemed to her wonderful, and she could not understand. In her world many men died as quietly as dies the funeral pyre when the fuel is done. But their peace arose from courage, or a philosophical indifference to the unheeding fates; their light seemed changing into darkness; true life into some misty, fantastic and indescribable existence. Until now, no one blesses death, no one dies with the absolute surety that after the pyre or grave begins a true existence and happiness so mighty and infinite, such as only a being all-powerful and omnipotent can give.

He, then, who hath to be crucified announced this as undoubted truth. This doctrine not only impressed Anthea, but seemed to her the only fountain of hope and consolation. She knew that he must die, and a great sympathy filled her soul.

What was death to her? It was abandonment of Cinna, abandonment of her father, abandonment of the world and love; emptiness, coldness, nothingness, gloom.

Sweet was life to her, bitter was her regret to leave it. If death could be of some avail, or if it could be possible to take with one even the memory of love, she would more easily be resigned to the inevitable.

Expecting from death nothing, now she suddenly learns that it can give her all.

And who announces this? Some wonderful man—a teacher, a philosopher, a prophet—who commended love as the highest virtue, who, while suffering agonies under the lash, blessed his persecutors, who intended to crucify him. So Anthea thought, “Why did he teach so, if the cross is his only reward? Others desired power—he cared naught for it;

others desired property—he remained poor; others desired palaces, feasts, luxuries, purple robes, chariots inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory—he lived as a shepherd. Again he commended love, pity, poverty, so he could not be bad, or purposely mislead others. If that which he spoke is truth, then death be blessed as an end of earthly misery, as a change from small to large and better happiness, as a light to fading eyes, and as wings with which to fly into eternal joy!” Now Anthea understood what meant the assurance of the resurrection.

The mind and heart of the poor sufferer clung with all her force to this doctrine. She recalled the words of her father, who often said, that only some new truth can free the tortured human soul from its darkness and chains. And lo! here was a new truth. It defeated death, therefore it brought salvation. Anthea’s whole be-

ing was so submerged in these thoughts, that Cinna, for the first time in many days, failed to observe terror on her face before approaching midday.

The procession had at last started from the city to Golgotha, and from the prominence upon which Anthea rested it could be plainly seen. The multitude of people was large, but in contrast with the vast plain it seemed smaller. From the open gates of the city the crowd kept pouring out, and the number was being augmented by those waiting outside the walls. First appeared a long file, which widened out like a river as it proceeded. At the flanks ran swarms of children. The procession was spotted with the white garments and scarlet and blue headdresses of the women. In the midst glistened the bright armor and spears of the Roman cohort, which reflected the flying rays of the sun. The murmur of mixed voices

came from afar and became more and more distinct.

At last they approached nearer, and the first rows commenced ascending the hill. The crowd hurried up to secure good places, so that they might better view the spectacle, thus leaving in the rear the company of soldiers who guarded the condemned. First to arrive were half-naked children, mostly boys, whose loins only were covered with a cloth, with closely cropped heads, save two locks of hair in front, blue-eyed, swarthy, and loud-voiced. With wild uproar they tore out loose pieces of rock from the crevices with which to stone the condemned. Behind them the hill swarmed with the grizzled rabble, most of whose faces expressed a fierce burning expectation. There were seen no traces of pity. Although Anthea was accustomed in Alexandria to the animated speech of the Greeks, yet she was

astounded at the loud, sharp tones of their voices, the volubility of their cries, and their wild, excited gestures and actions. The crowd seemed as if about to engage in a fight, shouting as if their lives were at stake, and wrangling as if in danger of being torn limb from limb.

Centurion Rufilus approached the litter and quietly gave some instructions to the soldiers. Meanwhile, from the city the crowds grew in numbers, like the waves of the sea. The pressure increased every minute. In the multitude could be seen well-to-do citizens of Jerusalem, clothed in striped robes, who kept aloof from the mob of the purlieus; also came numerous husbandmen, accompanied by their families, who came to the city for the holy days. Also there were laborers whose loins were clad in bagging, and herdsmen clad in goatskins, with good-natured wonderment depicted on their faces. In the

crowds could be seen many women, but as the ladies of the upper classes remained at home they were mostly the women of the people, the wives of husbandmen and laborers, or the women of the street, arrayed in flaming colors, with dyed hair and eyebrows, tinted finger nails and carmined cheeks, scented with nard which one could smell from afar, large earrings and necklaces made of coins. At last arrived a sanhedrim of the scribes and elders, and in their midst walked Hanaan, an old man with the face of a vulture and red eyelids, the high priest Caiaphas, with a two-cornered headdress and golden breastplate. Together with them walked different Pharisees: first, the "foot draggers," who purposely stumbled at every obstacle, the "bleeding heads," who struck their heads against the walls, and the "bowed backs," who pretended to be weighed down with the sins of the whole

city. Their ascetic gloom and rigorous countenances distinguished them from the noisy crowd of the common people.

Cinna regarded the multitude with the cold, haughty glance of the dominant class, Anthea with surprise and alarm. Many Jews inhabited Alexandria, but there they were half Hellenes, here for the first time she saw them as described by Pilate and as they indeed were, in their own nest. Her young face, on which death had already put its seal, and her shadowy form, attracted attention. They eyed her as persistently as the soldiers surrounding her litter would admit; so great was their hatred and abhorrence for all foreigners that their faces showed no pity, but rather joy that she could not escape death. Anthea now understood why these men could clamor to crucify the prophet who preached love.

Suddenly it appeared to her as if this

Nazarene were very near and dear to her. He must die and so must she. Naught could save him after the decree of death was issued, and now her decree was irrevocable, so it seemed to Anthea that they were joined together in the bonds of suffering and of death. He went to the cross with a sublime faith in the hereafter, while she, possessing none, had come here to view him, hoping thereby to obtain it. Meanwhile, from afar spread the wild, howling tumult, and then came a deep silence. Then was heard the clanking of armor and the heavy tread of the legionaries. The crowd wavered, opened, and the body of soldiers preceding the condemned began to file past the litter. From the front, sides, and rear marched the soldiers, with regular and even tread, and in the middle could be seen, borne aloft, the timbers for three crosses, which seemed to go alone because they were car-

ried by three men who were bent under their weight. It was easy to see that none of these three was the Nazarene, for two of them had the shameless and unabashed faces of criminals, and the third was a middle-aged countryman whom the soldiers forced as a substitute. The Nazarene walked behind the crosses, having a guard of two soldiers. Around his shoulders and over his robe was placed a purple mantle, and on his head a crown of thorns, from under whose sharp points exuded drops of blood. Some were trickling slowly down his face, and some hardened in globules like the red berries of the wild rose or coral beads. He was pale and walked with slow, weak, wavering footsteps. Amid the jeers of the crowd he moved unconsciously, as if wrapt in the contemplation of another world, unheeding the cries of hate and derision, or as if, forgiving beyond the measure of human

forgiveness, and compassionate beyond the measure of human compassion, because, already he was encompassed by infinity, already exalted above this human sphere, full of peace, sweet, and sad only over the great sin and sorrow of this world.

"Thou art truth," whispered Anthea, with trembling lips.

The procession was now passing close to the litter. There was a moment when the procession stopped to allow the soldiers to clear the way through the mob; then Anthea saw the Nazarene standing a few footsteps off. She saw how the breeze played with the locks of his hair, saw the purple reflection from his mantle on his pale, translucent face. The crowd now pressed eagerly forward to reach him, forming a narrow semicircle around the soldiers, who were compelled to make a barrier with their spears to defend him from its rage. Everywhere were seen

arms stretched forth and clenched fists, glaring eyes, snarling teeth, bristling beards, and foaming lips that vomited forth hoarse imprecations over his head. He glanced around as if saying, "What have I done to thee?" Then lifting his eyes to heaven he prayed and forgave them.

"Anthea! Anthea!" at this moment called Cinna.

Anthea heard not. Great tears welled up in her eyes and flowed down her cheeks. She forgot her illness, forgot that for days she had not arisen from her litter, arising suddenly, trembling and half-unconscious, from sorrow, compassion and indignation at the blind clamors of the crowd, she began hurriedly plucking hyacinths and apple blossoms from her litter and cast them at the feet of the Nazarene.

For one moment there was silence. The crowd was astounded at the spectacle of

this high-born Roman lady honoring the condemned. He rested his gaze on her pale, suffering face, and his lips moved as if blessing her. Anthea, falling on the pillows of the litter, felt that there was flowing upon her a sea of light, goodness, mercy, comfort, hope, happiness, and she whispered again:

“Thou art truth.”

Again the tears welled up within her and flowed afresh.

The Nazarene was now pushed forward a number of paces, to where already stood the upright timbers of the crosses, securely imbedded in the fissures of the rocks. For a moment the crowd obstructed her view, but as the place where the crosses were erected was on higher ground, she again saw his pale face, surmounted with the crown of thorns. The soldiers again with the butt ends of their spears drove back the crowds, so that they

would not interfere with the execution. They now commenced to fasten the two thieves to their crosses. The third cross stood in the middle, with a white tablet nailed to the top, which shook and rattled in the increasing wind. When the soldiers approached the Nazarene to disrobe him the crowd resounded with mocking exclamations: "King! king! surrender not thyself! King! where are now thy hosts? Defend thyself!" And then burst forth a mighty derisive laugh, which was taken up and echoed by the rocky hills. Meanwhile the soldiers had stretched him on the ground to prepare to nail his hands to the crosspiece, and then together with it to raise him to the upright timber.

At this instant a man who was standing near Anthea's litter, dressed in a white simar, threw himself on the ground, cast dust on his head, and wailed forth with despairing voice:

“I was a leper—he healed me—why crucify him?”

The face of Anthea became as white as linen.

“He healed him! Dost thou hear, Caius?” she said.

“Dost thou wish to return?” asked Cinna.

“No, I shall remain here.”

Cinna was now filled with a wild and immeasurable despair, because he had not besought the Nazarene to heal Anthea.

At this moment the soldiers placed the nails against the palms of his hands, and began to strike them. At first was heard the dull clang of the hammers on the iron, which changed into a clearer sound as the nails penetrated the wood. The crowd again became quiet, the better to hear the cries which they expected the

pain would wring from the lips of the Nazarene.

But he remained silent and naught could be heard save the ominous strokes of the hammer.

At last they finished the work, and the crosspiece, together with the body, was raised up. The centurion, who was watching their work, sang out monotonous words of command, upon which a soldier began to nail the feet. Meanwhile the clouds, which from the morning were spreading over the horizon, obscured the sun. The distant rocks and hills were extinguished. The earth darkened as if before night. An ominous copper-colored gloom covered the land, and became deeper and deeper, as the sun sank further behind the somber banks of clouds. It seemed as if some power from above were passing through a sieve red darkness on the earth. Then came a hot gust of wind

—once, twice—then stopped. The air became stifling.

Suddenly the remnants of ruddy gleams darkened; clouds, dismal as night, rolled as a gigantic wall toward the plateau, and the city. The storm was arising. The world was filled with a great unrest.

“Let us return,” repeated Cinna.

“Again and again I must see him,” answered Anthea.

As the darkness bedimmed the hanging bodies, Cinna commanded the litter to be brought nearer the place of suffering. They approached so near that only a few steps separated them from the cross. On the dark tree was seen the white body of the crucified, which in the gathering gloom looked as if woven from silvery moonbeams. His breast rose and fell with quick breaths, his head and eyes he held turned upward.

From out the clouds there issued a low, deep, rumbling murmur. The thunder awoke, arose, rolled with a terrific crash from east to west, and then, as if falling into a bottomless pit, resounded lower and lower, weaker, then louder, and in the end the thunderbolt exploded with a deafening report, which shook the earth to its foundation.

Blue, lurid, gigantic lightning tore through the clouds, illuminating heaven, earth, the crosses, the soldiers' armor; the mob huddled like a flock of sheep, restless and frightened.

After the lightning the darkness deepened.

Near the litter could be heard the weeping of many women, who had striven to approach the cross. There was something indescribably affecting in this sound amid the silence. They, who had been separated by the crowd, began to hail

each other. Here and there arose frightened voices.

“Oyah! Oy lanoo! Is not the just crucified?”

“Who gave witness to the truth? Oyah!”

“Who raised the dead? Oyah!”

Another cries:

“Woe to thee, oh, Jerusalem!”

Another again:

“The earth trembleth!”

The second lightning opened the depths of heaven, and showed in them Titanic, fiery figures. The voices were silenced, or rather perished in the whistling of the wind, which suddenly arose with a mighty force, tearing the headgear and mantles from the multitude, and scattering them broadcast over the plateau.

The multitude again cried forth:

“The earth trembleth!”

Some started to run; others were riveted

to the spot with terror, and they stood stupefied, without thought, with the dull impression only that something terrible had occurred.

The darkness began to redden. The storm rolled in the clouds, turning them over and tearing them into fragments. The light gradually increased, the dark dome of the heavens opened, and through the rift suddenly poured a stream of bright sunlight. It made everything visible—the plateau, the frightened faces, and the crosses.

The head of the Nazarene had fallen on his breast, pale and waxen; his eyelids were closed and his lips were blue.

“He is dead,” whispered Anthea.

“He is dead,” repeated Cinna.

At this moment the centurion raised his spear, and pierced the side of the dead one. It was wonderful. The return of light and the sight of this death

seemed to quiet the crowd. Now the people approached nearer to the cross, the soldiers not hindering them. Now there were heard voices:

“Descend from the cross! descend from the cross!”

Anthea, resting her eyes once more on this pale, reclining head, whispered, as if to herself:

“Will he arise from the dead?”

In the presence of death, which had set its blue mark on his eyes and lips, in the presence of those outstretched arms, in the presence of this motionless body, sagging downward with a dead weight, her voice trembled with despair and doubt.

A no less sorrow was tugging at the soul of Cinna. He also did not believe that the Nazarene would arise from the dead, but he did believe, that if he had lived, he, with his good or evil power, could have healed Anthea.

Meanwhile some of the multitude clamored again:

“Descend from the cross! descend from the cross!”

“Descend!” repeated Cinna, in the despair of his soul, “heal her for me, and take for it my life.”

It became clearer. The hills were yet in mist, but over the plateau and city the sky was bright. “*Turris Antonia*” blazed in the sky, as if it were a sun itself. The air became fresh and swarmed with swallows. Cinna gave command to return.

The hour was after the noon time. Near the house, Anthea said suddenly:

“Hecate did not come to-day.”

Cinna also thought of this.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE haunting specter did not appear the next day. The patient was more cheerful than usual, because there arrived from Cæsarea, Timon, who, being anxious for his daughter's life, and alarmed by Cinna's letters, had a few days before left Alexandria, to behold once more his only child, before death claimed her. To Cinna's heart again came hope, knocking as if calling for admittance. He dared not open the door to this guest; he feared to hope. Never before had there been a cessation of these visions which tortured Anthea for two days in succession, though these visions had ceased for one day at Alexandria, and once in the desert. The present improvement Cinna ascribed to the arrival of Timon and the impression

of the cross, which so filled the thoughts of the patient, that even in the presence of her father she could speak of naught else.

Timon heard all this with great attention, contradicted not, pondered deeply, and seriously inquired into the doctrine of the Nazarene, of which Anthea knew only what Pilate had told her.

She felt better and somewhat stronger, and when noon came and went, in her eyes shone true hope. Several times she called this day fortunate, and asked her husband to make a note of it.

The day was indeed somber and gloomy. The rain fell all the morning, copiously at first, then in a lesser degree, until it drizzled out of the low overhanging clouds. In the evening the clouds lifted, and the great fiery globe of the sun looked out of the mist, painted with purple and gold the clouds, the gray rocks,

the white portico of the villa, and sank below the horizon amid these glorious colors into the Mediterranean.

The day following the weather was beautiful. It prophesied heat, but the morning was fresh, the sky was cloudless, and the air so submerged in the blue bath that everything seemed to be blue. Anthea ordered herself carried beneath the favorite pistachio tree, so that from the eminence upon which it stood she might drink in the view of the joyful and azure expanse. Cinna and Timon did not leave the side of the litter for one instant, carefully watching the face of the invalid. It bore an expression of wistful expectancy. There was an absence of that dreadful terror which previously had enveloped her before the coming of midday. Her eyes were clear and bright, and her cheeks were mantled with a delicate rosy flush. At moments Cinna indeed thought that

Anthea might regain her health, and at this thought he felt like throwing himself on the ground and blessing the gods; again, fear possessed him that this might be the last gleam of the flickering lamp. Desiring to gain some assurance from Timon he looked at him, but like thoughts were passing in the mind of Timon, and he avoided Cinna's gaze. Cinna, watching the shadows, marked with beating heart that they became more and more short.

They all sat immersed in thought. The least perturbed of all was Anthea herself. Reclining in the open litter, with her head resting on a purple pillow, she breathed with joy the pure air which the western breeze brought from the sea; but before noon this breeze fell. The heat became greater; warmed by the sun, the wild flower of the rocks and the bushes of nard exhaled a fragrance, strong and intoxica-

ting. Over the clusters of anemones hovered bright butterflies. From out the fissures of the rocks stole small lizards, which had already become accustomed to the litter and people, venturing, as usual, one after another, yet timid and cautious of every movement. The whole world was resting in the soothing balm of the radiant silence, warmth, pure sweetness, blue dreaminess.

Timon and Cinna seemed equally sunk in this profound azure peace. Anthea closed her eyes as if drifting into slumber; the silence was unbroken save by the faint sighs which animated her bosom.

Cinna now observed that his shadow had shortened and lay around his feet.

It was noon.

Anthea slowly opened her eyes, broke the silence in a strange tone, saying:

“Cinna, give me thy hand.”

Cinna started to her side, the blood con-

gealed in his veins as if his heart was ice: the hour for the terrible vision had come.

Her eyes opened wider.

“Seest thou,” she said, “over there, a light, gathering and forming in the air? See how it shines, trembles, and approaches me!”

“Anthea! look not there!” exclaimed Cinna.

Wonderful! No terror appeared on her face, her lips slightly parted, her eyes widened and a measureless joy illuminated her face.

“The pillar of light approaches me,” she further said.

“I see; it is he, it is the Nazarene!—he smiles!—Oh, sweet!—Oh, merciful!—His pierced hands he stretches forth to me as a mother. Cinna! he brings me health, salvation, and calls me unto Him.”

Cinna, becoming very pale, said:

“Whithersoever He calleth us—*Let us follow Him.*”

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A moment later, from the other side, on the stony pathway leading from the city, appeared Pontius Pilate. Before he approached it could be seen from his face that he brought great tidings, which as a sensible man he regards as a new, fantastical invention of the credulous and ignorant multitude. From afar off he called out aloud, as he wiped the sweat from his brow:

“Imagine what they now say: that He has risen from the dead!”

SIELANKA.

SELANKA.

An Idyll.

IN the woods, in the deep woods, was an open glade in which stood the house of the forester Stephan. The house was built of logs packed with moss, and the roof was thatched with straw; hard by the house stood two outbuildings; in front of it was a piece of fenced-in ground, and an old well with a long, crooked sweep; the water in the well was covered with a green vegetation at the edges.

Opposite the windows grew sunflowers and wild hollyhocks, high, stately, and covered with blossoms as if with a swarm of gorgeous butterflies; between the sunflowers there peeped the red heads of the poppy; around the hollyhocks entwined

sweet peas with pink blossoms and morning-glories; close to the ground grew nasturtiums, marigolds, primroses, and asters, pale because they were shaded from the sunlight by the leaves of the hollyhocks and sunflowers.

The fenced ground on either side of the pathway leading to the house was planted with vegetables—carrots, beets, and cabbage; further off in a separate fenced-in lot there waved with each breath of wind the tender blue flower of the flax; still beyond could be seen the dark green of the potato patch; the rest of the clearing was checkered with the variegated shades of the different cereals that ran to the edge of the lake which touched the glade on one side.

Near to the house a few trees were growing. Some were cherry trees, and one was a birch, with long, slender branches which swayed in the wind, and

with every breeze its leaves touched the dilapidated moss-covered straw thatch of the roof; when the stronger gusts of wind bent its boughs to the wall, and pressed its twigs and the waves of leaves against the roof, it would seem as if the tree loved the house and embraced it.

In this tree the sparrows made their home; the rustling of the leaves and twigs commingled with the chirp and joyous noise of the birds; in the eaves of the house the doves had built their nests, and the place was filled with their speech, cooing and calling to each other, entreating and discussing as is customary between doves, these noisy and talkative people.

At times it happened that they were startled by some unknown cause; then around the house was heard a loud flapping, the air was filled with the whirl of wings and a multitude of white-feathered breasts; you could hear tumult, noise and

excited cries—the whole flock flew out suddenly, circled round the house, now near, now far off. Sometimes they melted in the blue, sometimes their white feathers reflected the sunlight, again they hung over the house, undulating in the air, and alighting at last like a downfall of snow-flakes on the gray straw of the roof.

If this occurred in the rosy morning or in the splendor of the red setting sun, then in the glory of the air these doves were not white, but tinted pink, and settled on the roof and birch tree as flames or scattered rose leaves.

At twilight, when the sun had hidden itself beyond the woods, this cooing under the roof and chirping in the birch tree became gradually quiet. The sparrows and the doves shook the dew from their wings and prepared to sleep; sometimes one of them gave voice once more, but more rarely, more softly, more drowsily,

and then all was silent—the dusk was falling from the heavens upon the earth. The house, cherry trees, and birch were losing their form, mingling together, melting, and veiled in a mist which rose from the lake.

Around the glade, as far as the eye could reach, there stretched the wall of dark pine trees and thick undergrowth. This wall was broken in one place by a wide dividing line, which reached to the edge of the lake. The lake was a very large one, the opposite side was nearly lost to view, and in the mist could be hardly discerned the red roof and steeple of a church, and the black line of the woods closing the horizon beyond the church.

The pines were looking from the high sandy banks upon their reflection in the lake as if in a mirror, and it seemed as if there was another forest in the water; and

when the trees were swaying on the earth they were also swaying in the water, and when they quivered on the earth they seemed to quiver in the water; as they stood in the still air motionless, then every needle of the pines was painted distinctly on the smooth, unruffled surface, and the straight trunks of the trees standing like rows of pillars reaching afar off into infinity. In the middle of the lake the water in the daytime reflected the sun, and in the morning and the evening the glories of its rising and its setting; at night the moon and stars; and it seemed to be as deep as the dome of the sky above us is high, beyond the sun, moon, and stars.

In the house dwelt the forester, named Stephan, and his daughter, Kasya, a maiden of sixteen. Kasya was the light of the household, as bright and fresh as the morning. She was brought up in

great innocence and in the fear of God. Her uncle, who was now dead, and who was a poor but devout man, the organist of the neighboring church, had taught her to read her prayer book, and her education was perfected by her communing with nature. The bees taught her to work, the doves taught her purity, the happy sparrows to speak joyfully to her father, the quiet water taught her peace, the serenity of the sky taught her contemplation, the matin-bell of the distant church called her to devotion, and the universal good in all nature, which reflected the love of God, sank deep into her soul.

Therefore the father and Kasya led a peaceful and happy life, surrounded by the silence and solitude of the woods.

One noon, before Ascension Day, Stephan came home to his dinner. He had visited a large tract of the forest, so he arrived weary, having returned through

the thickets of the swamp. Kasya placed the dinner on the table, and after they had finished and she had fed the dog and washed the dishes, she said:

“Papa.”

“What is it?”

“I shall go into the woods.”

“Go, go,” adding jestingly, “and let some wolf or wild beast devour you.”

“I shall go and gather herbs. To-morrow is Ascension Day and they will be needed in the church.”

“If so, you can go.”

She covered her head with a yellow kerchief embroidered with blue flowers, and looking for her basket she began singing:

“The falcon came flying, the falcon came grey.”

The old man began to grumble: “If you were as fond of working as you are of singing.”

Kasya, who was standing on her tip-toes to look on a shelf, turned her head to her father, laughed merrily, and showing her white teeth, sang again as if to tease him:

“He hoots in the woods and the cuckoo’s his prey.”

“You would be glad yourself to be a cuckoo until a falcon came,” said the old man. “Perhaps ’tis falcon who is at the turpentine works? but this is folly. You can’t earn a piece of bread by singing.”

Kasya again sang:

“Hoot not thou, my falcon, unhappy thy quest,
In the depths of the lake thy cuckoo doth rest.”

Then she said:

“Wilt thou decorate the room with the evergreens for to-morrow? I shall return in time to milk the cows, but they should be brought from the pasture.”

She found her basket, kissed her father,

and went out. Old Stephan got his unfinished fishing-net, and seated himself on a bench outside the door. He gathered his twine, and half-closing one eye he tried to thread his netting needle; after several attempts he succeeded and began to work.

From time to time he watched Kasya. She was walking on the left side of the lake; against the background of the sandy banks she stood out in relief as if in a picture. Her white waist and red striped skirt and yellow kerchief glistened in the sunlight like a variegated flower. Though it was spring the heat was unbearable. After she had gone about half a mile she turned aside and disappeared into the woods. The afternoon hours were hot in the sun, but in the shade of the trees it was quite cool. Kasya pressed forward, suddenly stopped, smiled, and blushed like a rose,

In front of her in the pathway stood a youth about eighteen years of age.

This youth was the turpentine worker, from the edge of the woods, who was now on his way to visit Stephan.

“The Lord be praised !” said he.

“Forever and ever,” answered she, and in her confusion she covered her face with her apron, peeping shyly out of a corner of it and smiling at her companion.

“Kasya,” said he.

“What is it, John?”

“Is your father at home?”

“He is.”

The turpentine worker, poor fellow, perhaps desired to speak of something else beside the father, but somehow he was frightened and unconsciously inquired for him; then he became silent and waited for Kasya to speak to him first. She stood confused, twisting the corners of her apron,

At last she spoke.

“John?”

“What is it, Kasya?”

“Does the turpentine works smoke today?” She also wished to speak of something else.

“Why should it not? The turpentine works never stop. I left lame Frank there; but dost thou wish to go there?”

“No, I go to gather plants.”

“I will go with thee, and on our return, if thou dost not chase me away, I will come to thy house.”

“Why should I chase thee away?”

“If thou dost like me thou wilt not chase me away, and if thou dost not, then thou wilt. Tell me, Kasya, dost thou like me?”

“Fate, my fate,” and Kasya covered her face with her hands. “What can I say to thee? I like thee, John, very much I like thee,” she whispered faintly.

Then before he could reply she uncovered her blushing face and cried out, "Let us go and gather plants; let us hurry."

And so went they, John and Kasya. The radiance of love surrounded them, but these simple children of nature dared not speak of it. They felt it, although they knew not what they felt; they were embarrassed but happy. Never before had the forest sung so wonderfully over their heads, never was the wind so sweet and caressing, never at any time had the noises of the forest, the rustling of the breeze in the trees, the voices of the birds, the echoes of the woods, seemed to merge into such an angelic choir, so sweet and grand, as at this moment, full of unconscious happiness.

Oh, holy power of love ! how good an angel of light thou art, how rosy an

aureole in the dusk, how bright a rainbow on the cloud of human tears!

Meanwhile, in the woods resounded echoes from pine to pine, the barking of the dog, Burek, who had escaped from the house and ran on the pathway after Kasya. He came panting heavily, and with great joy he jumped with his big paws on Kasya and John, and looked from one to the other with his wise and mild eyes, as if wishing to say:

“I see that you love one another; this is good.”

He wagged his tail and ran quickly ahead of them, then circled round to them, then stopped, barked once more with joy, and rushed into the woods, looking back from time to time on the boy and girl.

Kasya put her hand to her forehead, and looking upward upon the bright sun between the leaves she said:

“Just think, the sun is two hours be-

yond noontime and we have not yet gathered any plants. Go thou, John, to the left side and I shall go the right, and let us begin. We should hasten, for the dear Lord's sake."

They separated and went into the woods, but not far from one another and in a parallel direction, so that they could see each other. Among the ferns between the pine trees could be seen fluttering the vari-colored skirt and yellow kerchief of Kasya. The slender, supple maiden seemed to float amid the berry-laden bushes, mosses and ferns. You would say it was some fairy *wila* or *rusalka* of the woods; every moment she stooped and stood erect again, and so, further and further, passing the pine trees, she entered deeper into the forest as some spritely nymph.

Sometimes the thick growth of young hemlocks and cedars would conceal her

from view, then John stopped, and putting his hand to his mouth would shout, "Halloo ! Halloo !"

Kasya heard it; she stopped with a smile, and pretending that she did not see him, answered in a high, silvery voice:

"John !"

The echo answers:

"John ! John !"

Meanwhile Burek had espied a squirrel up a tree, and, standing before it looking upward, barked. The squirrel sitting on a branch covered herself with her tail in a mocking manner, lifted her forepaws to her mouth and rubbed her nose, seemed to play with her forefingers, make grimaces, and laugh at the anger of Burek. Kasya, seeing it, laughed with a resounding, silvery tone, and so did John, and so the woods were filled with the sound of

human voices, echoes, laughter and sunny joy.

Sometimes there was a deep silence, and then the woods seemed to speak; the breeze struck the fronds of the ferns, which emitted a sharp sound; the trunks of the pines swayed and creaked, and there was silence again.

Then could be heard the measured strokes of the woodpecker. It seemed as if some one kept knock—knocking at a door, and you could even expect that some mysterious voice would ask:

“Who is there?”

Again, the wood thrush was whistling with a sweet voice; the golden-crowned hammer plumed his feathers. In the thicket the pheasants clucked and the bright green humming birds flitted between the leaves; sometimes on the top of the pine tree a crow, hiding itself from

the heat of the sun, lazily flapped its wings.

On this afternoon the weather was most clear, the sky was cloudless, and above the green canopy of the leaves there spread out the blue dome of the heavens—immense, limitless, transparently gray-tinted on the sides and deep blue above. In the sky stood the great golden sun; the space was flooded with light; the air was bright and serene, and far-off objects stood out distinctly, their forms clearly defined. From the height of heaven the eye of the great Creator embraced the whole earth; in the fields the grain bowed to Him with a golden wave, rustled the heavy heads of the wheat, and the delicate tasseled oats trembled like a cluster of tiny bells. In the air, filled with brightness here and there, floated the spring thread of the spider's web, blue from the azure of the sky and golden from the sun, as if a veri-

table thread from the loom of the Mother of God.

In the vales between the fields of the waving grain stood dark-green meadows; here and there were crystal springs, around whose edges the grass was greener still; the whole meadows were sprinkled with yellow buttercups and dandelions which struck the eye with a profusion of golden brightness. In the wet places there thrived cypress trees, which had an air of coldness and moisture.

In the woods among the pine trees there were now both heat and silence. It seemed as if a dreamy stillness enveloped the whole world. Not a breath of wind stirred; the trees, grain, and grass were motionless. The leaves hung on the trees as if rocked to sleep; the birds had ceased their noises, and the moment of rest had come. But this rest seemed to come from an ineffable sweetness, and all nature seemed

to meditate. Only the great expanse of heaven seemed to smile, and somewhere, high in the unknowable depths of its blue, the great and beneficent God was glad with the gladness of the fields, the woods, the meadows, and the waters.

Kasya and John were still busy in the woods collecting herbs, laughing gleefully and speaking to each other joyfully. Man is as artless as a bird; he will sing when he can, for this is his nature. John now began to sing a simple and touching song.

As Kasya and John sang in unison the last refrain of the song ended mournfully, and as if in accompaniment the echo repeated it in the dark depths of the woods; the pines gave resonance as the words ran between their trunks and died away in the far distance like a sigh, less distinct, light, ethereal; then silence.

Later Kasya sang a more cheerful song, beginning with the words:

“I shall become a ring of gold now.”

This is a good song. A willful young girl quarrels with her lover and enumerates the means she intends to use to escape from him. But it is useless. When she says that she will be a golden ring and will roll away on the road, he says that he will quickly see and recover her. When she wants to be a golden fish in the water he sings to her of the silken net; when she wants to be a wild fowl on the lake he appears before her as a hunter. At last the poor maiden, seeing she is unable to hide herself from him on the earth, sings:

“I shall become a star in heaven,
Light to earth by will be given.
My love to thee I shall not render,
Nor my sweet will to thee surrender.”

But the undaunted youth answers:

“Then shall I pray to the saint’s grace
That the star may fall from its heavenly place.
Thy love to me thou then wilt render,
And thy sweet will to me surrender.”

The maiden, seeing there is no refuge
either in heaven or on earth for her,
accepts the view of Providence and sings:

“I see, I see, fate’s decree doth bind me;
Where’er I hide, thou sure wilt find me.
My love to thee I must now render,
And my sweet will to thee surrender.”

John, turning to Kasya, said:

“Do you understand?”

“What, John?”

He began to sing:

“Thy love to me thou must now render,
And thy sweet will to me surrender.”

Kasya was troubled, and laughed loudly
to cover her confusion; and wishing to
speak, she said:

“I have gathered a large lot of plants; it would be well to dip them in water, for in this heat they will wither.”

Verily the heat was great; the wind had entirely ceased. In the woods, though in the shade, the air vibrated with moist heat, the pines exuding a strong, resinous odor. The delicate, golden-tinted face of Kasya was touched with perspiration, and her blue eyes showed traces of weariness. She removed the kerchief from her head, and began to fan herself. John, taking the basket from her, said:

“Here, Kasya, stand two aspen trees, and between them a spring. Come, let us drink.”

Both went. After a short interval they noticed that the ground of the forest began to slope here. Among the trees, instead of bushes, ferns and dry mosses, there was a green, damp turf, then one aspen tree, then another, and after them

whole rows. They entered into this dark, humid retreat, where the rays of the sun, passing through the leaves, took on their color and reflected on the human face a pale green light. John and Kasya descended lower and lower into the shadows and dampness; a chilliness breathed upon them, refreshing after the heat of the woods; and in a moment, between the rows of the aspen trees, they espied in the black turf a deep stream of water winding its way under and through canes and bushy thickets, and interspersed with the large, round leaves of the water-lilies, which we call "*nenufars*," and by the peasants are called "white flowers."

Beautiful was this spot, quiet, secluded, shady, even somewhat sombre and solemn. The transparent stream of water wound its way between the trees. The *nenufars*, touched by the light movement of the water, swayed gently backward and for-

ward, leaning toward each other as if kissing. Above their broad leaves, lying like shields on the surface of the water, swarmed indigo-colored insects with wide, translucent, sibilant wings, so delicate and fragile that they are justly called water-sprites. Black butterflies, with white-edged, mournful wings, rested on the sharp, slender tops of the tamarack. On the dark turf blossomed blue forget-me-nots. On the edge of the stream grew some alder trees, and under the bushes peeped out heads of the lily-of-the-valley, bluebells and honeysuckles. The white heads of the *biedrzenica* hung over the waters; the silvery threads of the *strojka* spread out upon the current of the stream and weaved themselves into thin and long strands; besides—seclusion—a wild spot, forgotten by men, peaceful, peopled only with the world of birds, flowers and insects.

In such places generally dwell nymphs, *rusalki*, and other bad or good forest sprites. Kasya, who was in advance, stood first on the banks of the stream and looked upon the water in which was reflected her graceful form. She verily appeared as one of those beautiful forest spirits as they are seen sometimes by the woodsmen or lumber men who float on their rafts down the rivers through the woods. She had no covering upon her head, and the wind gently played with her locks and ruffled her ray-like hair. Sunburned she was, blond-haired, and her eyes, as blue as turquoise, were as laughing as her lips. Besides, she was a divinely tall, slender, and fairy-like maiden. No one could swear, if she was suddenly startled, that she would not jump into the water—would not dissolve into mist—into rainbow rays—would not turn quickly into a water-lily or *kalina* tree,

which, when robbed of its flowers, remonstrates with a voice so human, yet recalling the sigh of the forest:

“Don’t touch me.”

Kasya, bending over the water so that her tresses fell on her shoulders, turned toward John and said:

“How shall we drink?”

“As birds,” answered John, pointing to some silver pheasants on the opposite side of the stream.

John, who knew how to help himself better than the birds, plucked a large leaf from a tree, and, making a funnel out of it, filled it with water and gave it to Kasya.

They both drank, then Kasya gathered some forget-me-nots, and John with his knife made a flute from the willow bark, on which, when he had finished, he began to play the air which the shepherds play in the eventide on the meadows. The

soft notes floated away with ineffable tenderness in this secluded spot. Shortly he removed the flute and listened intently as if to catch an echo returning from the aspen trees, and it seemed that the clear stream, the dark aspen trees, and the birds hidden in the canes listened to these notes with him.

All became silent, but shortly, as if in answer—as if a challenge—came the first faint note of the nightingale, followed by a stronger trill. The nightingale wanted to sing—it challenged the flute.

Now he began to sing. All nature was listening to this divine singer. The lilies lifted their heads above the water; the forget-me-nots pressed closer together; the canes ceased to rustle; no bird dared to peep except an unwise and absent-minded cuckoo, who with her silent wing alighted near by on a dry bough, lifted her head,

widely opened her beak, and foolishly called aloud:

“Cuckoo! cuckoo!”

Afterward it seemed as if she was ashamed of her outbreak, and she quietly subsided.

Vainly Kasya, who stood on the edge of the stream with the forget-me-nots in her hand, turned to the side from whence came the voice of the cuckoo and queried:

“Cuckoo, blue-gray cuckoo, how long shall I live?”

The cuckoo answered not.

“Cuckoo, shall I be rich?”

The cuckoo was silent.

Then John: “Cuckoo, gray cuckoo, how soon will I wed?”

The cuckoo replied not.

“She cares not to answer us,” said John; “let us return to the forest.”

On returning they found the large stone by which they had placed the basket and

bunches of herbs. Kasya, seating herself beside it, began to weave garlands, and John helped her. Burek lay near them, stretched his hairy forepaws, lolled out his tongue and breathed heavily from fatigue, looking carefully around to see if he could not spy some living thing to chase and enjoy his own noise. But everything in the woods was quiet. The sun was traveling toward the west, and through the leaves and the needles of the pines shot his rays, becoming more and more red, covering the ground of the woods in places with great golden circles. The air was dry; in the west were spreading great shafts of golden light, which flooded all like an ocean of molten gold and amber. The wondrous beauties of the peaceful, warm spring evening were glowing in the sky. In the woods the daily work was gradually ceasing. The noise of the woodpecker had stopped; black and bronzed

ants returned in rows to their hills, which were red in the rays of the setting sun. Some carried in their mouths pine needles and some insects. Among the herbs here and there circled small forest bees, humming joyfully as they completed their last load of the sweet flower-dust. From the fissures in the bark of the trees came gloomy and blind millers; in the streams of the golden light circled swarms of midg-ets and gnats scarcely visible to the eye; mosquitoes began their mournful song. On the trees the birds were choosing their places for the night; a yellow bird was softly whistling; the crows flapped their wings, crowding all on one tree and quarreling about the best places. But these voices were more and more rare, and became fainter; gradually all ceased, and the silence was interrupted by the evening breeze playing among the trees. The poplar tree tried to lift her bluish-green

leaves upward; the king-oak murmured softly; the leaves of the birch tree slightly moved—silence.

Now the sky became more red; in the east the horizon became dark blue, and all the voices of the woods merged into a chorus, solemn, deep and immense. Thus the forest sings its evening song of praise, and says its prayers before it sleeps; tree speaks to tree of the glory of God, and you would say that it spoke with a human voice.

Only very innocent souls understand this great and blessed speech. Only very innocent hearts hear and understand when the first chorus of the parent oaks begins its strain:

“Rejoice, O sister pines, and be glad. The Lord hath given a warm and peaceful day, and now above the earth He makes the starry night. Great is the Lord, and mighty, powerful and good is He, so let

there be glory to Him upon the heights, upon the waters, upon the lands, and upon the air."

And the pines pondered a moment upon the words of the oaks, and then they raised their voices together, saying:

"Now, O Lord, to thy great glory, we, as censers, offer to Thee the incense of our sweet-smelling balsam, strong, resinous and fragrant. 'Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name.'"

Then the birches said:

"Thy evening brightness illumines the heavens, O Lord! and in Thy splendors our small leaves golden are and burning. Now with our golden leaves we sing to Thee, O Lord, and our delicate twigs play as the strings of the harp, O good Father of ours!"

Again the sorrowing cypress said:

"Upon our sad foreheads, exhausted with the heat, softly falls the evening dew.

Praise be to Thee, O Lord; brothers and sisters rejoice, because there falls the cooling dew."

Amid this chorus of trees the aspen alone trembles and is afraid; for it gave the wood for the Cross of the Saviour of the world; at times it faintly groans:

"O Lord, have mercy upon me. Have mercy upon me, O Lord."

Again, sometimes, when the oaks and pines cease for a moment, there rises from under their feet a faint, modest voice, low as the murmur of insects, silent as silence itself, which says:

"A small berry am I, O Lord, and hidden in the moss. But Thou wilt hear, discern and love me; though small, devout am I, and sing Thy glory."

Thus every evening prays the forest, and these orchestral sounds rise at every sunset from earth to heaven—and float high, high, reaching where there is no

creature, where there is nothing only the silvery dust and the milky way of the stars, and above the stars—God.

At this moment the sun hides his radiant head in the far-distant seas; the farmer turns upward his plowshares and hastens to his cottage. From the pastures return the bellowing herds; the sheep raise clouds of the golden dust. The twilight falls; in the village creek the well sweeps; later the windows shine, and from the distance comes the barking of the dogs.

The sun had not gone beyond the woods when Kasya had seated herself under the mossy stone to weave her garlands. Its rays were thrown upon her face, broken by the shadows of the leaves and twigs. The work did not proceed rapidly, for Kasya was tired from heat and running in the woods. Her sunburnt hands moved slowly at her work. The warm breeze kissed her

temples and face, and the voices of the forest lulled her to sleep. Her large eyes became heavy and drowsy; her eyelashes began to close slowly; she leaned her head against the stone, opened her eyes once more as a child looking upon the divine beauty of the world; then the noise of the trees, the rows of the stumps, the ground full of pine needles, and the skies that could be seen between the branches all became indistinct, darkened, dissolved, disappeared—and she smiled and slept. Her head was hidden in a soft shade, but the covering of her breast shone all rosy and purple. Her soft breathing lifted her bosom gently; so wonderful and beautiful she looked in this quiet sleep in the evening rays that John looked upon her as if upon the image of a saint, glorious with gold, and colored as the rainbow.

Kasya's hands were clinging yet to the unfinished garland of herbs. She slept

with a sleep light and sweet, for she smiled through her dreams as a child who speaks with the angels. Perhaps she verily conversed with angels, for pure she was as a child, and had dedicated her whole day to the service of God by gathering and weaving the garlands for His temple.

John was sitting by her side, but he did not sleep. His simple breast could not contain the feelings that arose there; he felt as if his soul had got wings and was preparing to fly away to the realms of heaven. He knew not what was happening to him, and he only raised his eyes to the skies and was motionless; you would say that love had transfigured him.

Kasya slumbered on, and for a long time they both remained there. Meanwhile the dusk came. The remnants of the purple light fought with the darkness. The interior of the woods deepened—became dumb. From the canes of the lake

near the glade with its cottage came the buzzing of a night beetle.

Suddenly on the other side of the lake from the church rang out the Angelus bell. Its tones floated on the wings of the evening breeze over the face of the quiet waters, clear, resonant, and distinct. It called the faithful to prayer, and also proclaimed: "Rest! Enough of work and the heat of the day," spoke the bell. "Wrap yourself to sleep in the wing of God. Come, come ye weary to Him—in Him is joy! Here is peace! here gladness! here sleep! here sleep! here sleep!"

John took off his hat at the sound of the bell, Kasya shook the sleep from her eyes, and said:

"The bell rings."

"For the Angel of the Lord."

Both kneeled near by the mossy stone as if before an altar. Kasya began to pray with a low, soft voice:

“The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary,”

“And she conceived by the Holy Ghost,” answered John.

“Behold the handmaiden of the Lord; may it be done to me according to Thy word.”

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Thus kneeling, prayed these children of God. The silent summer lightning shone from the east to the west, and upon its light flew down from heaven a radiant host of winged angels, and hovered above their heads. Then they blended with the angels and were themselves as if angels, for upon earth there were no two souls more bright, more pure, more innocent.

BE BLESSED.

BE BLESSED.

ONCE, on a bright moonlight night, wise and great Krishna, meditating deeply, said: "I thought that man was the most beautiful creature on earth. I was mistaken. Here I see a lotus flower swayed by the night breeze. Oh, how much more beautiful it is than any living being! Its petals are now opened to the silvery light of the moon, and I cannot take my eyes from it.

"Yes, there is nothing like it among men," repeated he, with a sigh; but after awhile he thought: "Why could not I, being a god, by the power of a word create a being that would be the same among men as is the lotus among flowers? For a joy to men on earth, therefore, let it be

so. Lotus, transform thyself into a living maiden, and stand before me."

Then the water vibrated tenderly, as if touched by the wing of a swallow, the night became clearer, the moon beamed brighter, stronger trilled the note of the nightingale, followed by a deep silence, and the miracle was done.

There before Krishna stood the lotus in human form divine.

The god himself was astonished.

"Thou wert a flower of the lake," he said; "be now a flower of my thought and speak."

And the maiden began to whisper as softly as the rustling of the white petals of the lotus kissed by the summer breeze.

"Lord, thou hast changed me into a being endowed with life; where wilt thou command me to abide? Remember, Lord, that when I was a flower I trembled and folded my leaves before every breath of

wind. I feared, Lord, the rains and tempest; I feared the thunder and lightning; I feared even the scorching rays of the sun. Thou hast told me to be an embodiment of the lotus, therefore I have preserved my former nature; and now I fear, Lord, the earth and all there is thereon. Where wilt thou command me to abide?"

Krishna lifted his wise eyes to the stars, mused awhile, then said:

"Do you wish to dwell on the mountain-tops?"

"Snow and cold are there; I fear them."

"Then I will build thee a crystal palace in the clear depths of the lake."

"In abysses of water there move serpents and other monsters; I fear them, Lord."

"Do you wish the endless plains?"

"Oh, Lord! Storms and tempests trample the plains like wild herds."

“What, then, will I do with thee, embodied flower? Ah! In the caves of Ellora live holy anchorites. Dost thou wish to dwell there far away from the world in a cave with them?”

“It is dark there, Lord, I fear.”

Krishna seated himself on a stone and leaned his head upon his hand; the maiden stood before him, trembling and afraid.

Slowly the dawn commenced to spread its light in the eastern heavens, the golden glow covered the lake, palms, and bamboo groves. The choir of birds burst forth with their morning song, the rosy stork, the blue crane, the white swan on the waters, the peacocks and bengali in the woods, and, as if in accompaniment, there came the sound of strings fastened to pearly shells and the words of human song.

Krishna awoke from his deep thought and said:

“It is the poet Valmiki, greeting the sunrise.”

Then parted the curtain of purple flowers covering the vines, and on the edge of the lake appeared Valmiki.

Seeing the embodied lotus, he ceased playing, the pearly shells slipped slowly from his hands, his arms drooped by his side, and he stood speechless, as if great Krishna had transformed him into a tree; and the god was glad to see admiration for his work, and said:

“Awake, Valmiki, and speak.”

And Valmiki spoke: “I love—” This was the only word he remembered and the only word he could utter.

The face of Krishna suddenly brightened. “Wondrous maiden, I have found in the world the place worthy of thee; dwell in the heart of the poet.”

Valmiki repeated the second time, "I love."

The will of the mighty Krishna, the will of divinity impelled the maiden to the heart of the poet. The god made, also, the heart of Valmiki as clear as crystal. Radiant as a summer day, quiet as a wave of the Ganges, the maiden was entering into her appointed dwelling-place; but suddenly, as she was looking into the heart of Valmiki, her face paled, and as a chilling wind a great fear enveloped her, and Krishna wondered.

"Embodied flower," questioned he, "dost thou fear even the heart of the poet?"

"Lord," answered the maiden, "where dost thou command me to dwell? Behold in this one heart I see the snowy mountain-tops, the watery depths full of wondrous creatures, the plains with the storms

and tempests, and the dark Ellora cave; so I fear again, oh, Lord."

But good and wise Krishna said:

"Peace be unto thee, embodied flower; if in Valmiki's heart lie the desolate snows, be thou a warm breath of the spring which will them melt; if there be watery depths, be thou a pearl in those depths; if there be the desert plains, plant thou in them the flowers of happiness; if there be the dark Ellora cave, be thou in that darkness a sunny ray."

And Valmiki, who had now regained his speech, added: "And *be blessed*."

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.



LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Lux in Tenebris Lucet.

THERE come sometimes in the autumn, especially in November, days so wet, cold and overcast that life even to the robust is dreary. Since Kamionka fell ill and had stopped working on his statue of "Mercy," the bad weather annoyed him more than his illness. Every morning, dragging himself from his bed, he rubbed off the moisture on his studio window and looked up, hoping to see even a small bit of blue sky, but every morning he was disappointed.

Heavy, leaden mist hung over the earth; there was no rain, yet even the cobblestones looked like wet sponges. Everything was damp and clammy, soaked

through with moisture, and the water slowly dripping from the eaves sounded with a monotony of despair, as if measuring the weary, slowly dragging hours of gloom.

The window of his studio faced the yard which merged into the garden. The grass beyond the fence was of a sickly green color, breathing death and decomposition. The trees, with their few remaining yellow leaves and branches black from moisture, seemed ghost-like through the mist. Every evening the migrating crows would roost upon the trees and add to the desolation by their cawing and the flapping of their wings.

On such days the studio became as dismal as a sepulchre. Marble and plaster require bright weather, but in this leaden light they appeared somber; images of dark terra cotta, having lost distinctness of outline, seem to change into grewsome and hideous shapes.

Dust and disorder added to the general melancholy; the floor was covered with a thick layer of dirt, caused by the mixture of crushed terra cotta with mud from the streets. The walls were dark, ornamented here and there with plaster models of hands and feet. Not far from the window hung a mirror, and over it was the skeleton head of a horse and a bunch of makart everlasting flowers, totally blackened by dust.

In a corner stood a bed with an old cover, and by its side a bureau with an iron candlestick on it. For the sake of economy Kamionka slept in his studio; generally the bed was concealed by screens, but now they were removed to allow the sick man to look out of the window. The larger window in the roof was so covered with grime and dirt that the light that filtered through it even in bright weather was gray and melancholy.

Still good weather did not come. After several days, of gloom, the clouds lowered and a heavy, dark mist settled over the land. Kamionka, who was lying on his bed with his clothes on, feeling worse, got up and removed his clothes and went to bed.

Properly speaking, he was not suffering so much from any particular disease as he was depressed, discouraged, exhausted, and desponding. He had no desire to die, yet he felt he had hardly strength enough to live.

The long hours of the murky day seemed still longer because he was alone. His wife had died twenty years ago; his relatives dwelt in other parts of the country, and he kept aloof from his colleagues; his acquaintances gradually ceased all intercourse with him on account of his ever-increasing irritability of temper. In the beginning his disposition amused people,

but later he became more and more morose, so that even the slightest pleasantry provoked lasting umbrage, and his nearest friends were compelled to break all relations with him.

About this time he became devout in his religious observances; but his intimates questioned his sincerity, and evil-disposed persons said that he spent his time in churches so as to influence the priests to give him orders for sculpturing. That was not true. It may have been that his devotion did not arise from a deep and settled conviction, but it was not self-seeking.

If there was any grounds for these suspicions against him, it was strengthened by the fact that Kamionka became a miser. For the sake of economy, he lived for several years in his studio, denying himself proper nourishment. His face became transparent and yellow as if made

of wax; he concealed himself from others, so that he might not be called upon to perform any small service.

Generally speaking, he was a man of distorted character, bitter, and very unhappy. Yet he was not a common nature, for even his evil side possessed artistic qualities. They were mistaken who thought that, owing to his miserly habits, he had accumulated a large fortune, for in truth, Kamionka was a poor man, for all that he earned he spent on mosaics, of which he had a large collection in the bottom of his bureau, and which from time to time he looked over and counted with the secrecy and avidity of a usurer counting his treasures. This weakness he carefully concealed from others, perhaps owing to the fact that it thrived on the soil of a great sorrow and a great love.

About a year after the death of his wife

he once saw in the shop of an antiquarian an old engraving representing Armida, and in the face of Armida he traced a likeness to that of his wife. He bought the engraving, and afterward he became an enthusiastic collector of engravings representing not only Armida, but other subjects also.

Those who have lost their dear ones must interest themselves in something, otherwise they could not exist. Concerning Kami-onka, no one could guess that this strange, selfish man, had loved his wife more than his own life; perhaps if she had not died, the current of his life would have flowed peacefully, broadly, and humanly; as it was, this love survived his happier days, his youth and even his art.

This devotion to church at first grew out of his love, but afterward became a matter of habit to him, observing merely the outward forms.

Kamionka was not one who possessed a realizing faith. Yet, after the death of his wife he began to pray for the repose of her soul, as it seemed the only thing he could do for her, and thus his love reached across the narrow rill of death.

Some natures, outwardly cold, often possess the quality of a strong and enduring love. After her death, his whole life and all his thoughts entwined around her memory and fed upon it as the parasite plant thrives on the dead tree to which it is attached. A memory thus fashioned upon raw regrets and suffering can but have a baneful influence upon the human soul, and Kamionka, who completely succumbed to these influences, was rapidly breaking up.

Had he not been an artist, he could not have survived his loss so long, but his calling served him in this wise, that after her death he began to sculpture figures

for her monument. It is useless to tell the living that the dead care little where they lie. Kamionka desired that the last resting place of his Sophia should be very beautiful, and his work on her monument was a labor of love. This was the reason that he did not become insane in the first six months of his deep anguish, and he gradually learned to live with his despair.

The man's life was warped and unhappy, but the art saved the artist. From that time on, Kamionka existed only for his art. Those who observe statuary and pictures in the galleries, rarely think that an artist can serve his art honestly or dishonestly. He did not possess great genius, but had an ability somewhat above the average, and perhaps on this account his art did not fill his life absolutely nor replace his loss, yet he respected it deeply and always was sincere regarding it.

Through the long years of his calling he never cheated or wronged it; not for glory, not for money, not for praise or for blame. According to his inspiration, he created in his happier days, when he lived like other men; he spoke of art with gloomy eloquence, showing discrimination and knowledge; and in later days, when forsaken by his friends, alone in his studio, he meditated upon it with honesty and reverence.

Human relations must hold some strange secret which cause friends to desert the unhappy, who for the same reason become overgrown with idiosyncrasies just as a stone thrown out from the stream becomes covered with moss, having ceased to have friction with other stones. When Kamionka became sick, no one called upon him except his servant, who came to make tea for him. At every call she

entreated him to get a doctor, but he, fearing the expense, refused to do so.

He became very weak at last, perhaps because he took no nourishment, except tea. He had no inclination to either eat, work, or live. His thoughts were as lifeless as the faded leaves on the trees outside, and corresponded with autumnal leaden darkness and desolation.

There are no sadder moments than those in which a man realizes that what he had to do he has done, that he has lived his life, and nothing remains for him in this world. For the last fifteen years, Kamionka lived in constant fear that his talents were fading. Now he was sure of it, and in the bitterness of his heart he felt his art escaping him, and besides he was exhausted and weak in every bone. He did not expect an early death, but he despaired of ever regaining his health and

strength, and did not possess a solitary ray of hope.'

The only desire that he really had was that the weather would clear up, and the sun shine again in his studio. He thought perhaps that would cheer him; he always was especially sensitive to dark, dull, damp weather and in such days his grief and depression increased.

Every morning when the servant brought him his tea, he asked her:

"Is there any indication of the weather clearing?"

She replied:

"The fog is so thick that we cannot see each other."

The sick man after hearing such an answer would shut his eyes and remain motionless for hours.

Outside all was still, except the monotonous dropping of water from the eaves.

At three o'clock in the afternoon it was

so dark, that Kamionka was compelled to light a candle, which he did with great difficulty, owing to his weakness. As he reached for the matches he observed the emaciated condition of his arms, and their appearance wounded his artistic sense.

The flickering of the candle light filled his studio with weird shapes and shadows. The light of the candle fell directly on Kamionka's forehead, from which it was reflected as if from a polished yellow surface. The rest of the room was in a dark shadow which every moment deepened. When it became totally dark outside, the statuary in the studio assumed an animation of outline, as if standing out in relief from the blackness, and in the rising and falling beams of the candle, the statues seemed to be rising on tiptoe, as if to peer in the emaciated face of the sculptor to find out if their creator were yet alive.

Indeed, his face bore the fixedness of death, though occasionally the thin blue lips of the sick man moved slightly as if praying, or perhaps cursing his loneliness, and the exasperating regularity of the dripping eaves, which seemed to slowly measure off the dreary hours of his illness.

That evening his servant appeared slightly tipsy, which made her more loquacious than usual.

She said to him:

“I have so much work to do that I can only come twice a day to attend you, had you not better call in a good Sister of Mercy? it will cost you nothing and she will nurse you better than I can.”

Although Kamionka was inwardly pleased with this suggestion, so contradictory was his disposition that he rejected it.

After the departure of the servant he

began to think of it. "Sister of Mercy. Ay! she does not cost anything, and besides what a help and comfort!" Like all sick people Kamionka conjured up a multitude of imaginary ills, and combated a thousand of petty miseries, all of which added to his annoyance and impatience. For hours he would lie with his head in a most uncomfortable position before he would make any attempt to change his pillow. Often when he was cold at night he longed for a cup of tea, but if it was difficult for him to light a candle how much more so would it be for him to boil water. A Sister of Mercy would do all this for him with her usual kind thoughtfulness; such help would rob his sickness of half its terrors; he at last arrived at the conclusion that illness under such conditions would be desirable and fortunate, and he wondered in his heart if this poor happiness were accessible to him.

It seemed to him that if a good Sister would only bring to his studio her peaceful serenity and quiet cheer then perhaps the weather might clear up and the eternal drip-dripping of the eaves would cease to persecute him.

He regretted at last that he had not accepted the advice of the servant. The long and dreary night was approaching. She would not appear until the following morning. He felt that this night would be worse than others.

Then he thought what a great sufferer he was, and compared his present with the happy years of long ago, which stood out vividly in his mind. As previously he had connected the good Sister in his weakened mind with fair, bright weather, the memory of those bygone happy days conjured up scenes of sunshine, light and joy.

He began then to meditate upon his

dead wife, and talked to her as if she were present, as he always used to do when he felt badly. In the end he got tired, felt weaker, and dozed off.

The candle standing on the bureau burned low in the socket, its flame became blue, then flickered strongly, and at last went out. The studio was filled with darkness.

Meanwhile the eaves kept dripping; drop by drop the water fell with dismal regularity as if distilling all the sin, sorrow and sadness that pervades nature.

Kamionka had a long and refreshing sleep; he awoke suddenly with a feeling that something extraordinary had happened in the studio. The morning had dawned brightly. The marble and plaster looked white. The wide Venetian window opposite his bed transmitted the glorious light.

Bathed in this brightness Kamionka saw a figure sitting by his bedside.

He opened wide his eyes and gazed intently; it was a Sister of Mercy. Sitting there motionless, her face turned slightly toward the window, her head bent, her hands were folded in her lap and she seemed to pray. The patient could not discern her face, but instead he saw clearly her white hood and the dark outline of the delicate arms.

His heart commenced to beat quickly and rapidly, as through his brain ran these questions:

“ When did the servant bring this Sister, and how did she enter?”

Again he thought that it was an optical illusion, owing to his weakness, and he shut his eyes.

A moment later he opened them again. The Sister was sitting in the same place,

motionless as before, as if absorbed in prayer.

A strange feeling, composed of fear and great joy, arose in him. Some unknown force attracted his gaze to this figure. It seemed to him as if he had seen it somewhere before, but where and when he could not recall. Then arose in him an irresistible desire to behold the face, but the white hood concealed it. Kamionka, without knowing why, did not dare to speak, to move, or breathe. The feeling of fear and joy grew stronger in him, and he mentally queried, "What is it?"

Meanwhile the dawn had merged into a radiant morning. How beautiful all nature must look outside! Suddenly the studio was filled with a glorious supernatural light. The waves of golden brightness as of some mighty tide inundated the room so powerfully that the marble statuary was drowned and melted in its glow, and

the walls receded and disappeared, and Kamionka found himself in a luminous, limitless space.

Then he saw the white hood of the nun lose its shape, vibrate on its edges, fade and float away as a bright mist submerged with sunlight.

The Sister slowly turned her face toward him, and suddenly this lonely, despairing sufferer saw in a brilliant aureole the well-known and beloved face of his wife.

He sprang from his bed, and a cry escaped him in which were embodied all those years of sorrow, suffering and despair.

“Sophia! Sophia!” He pressed her closely to his breast and she put her arms around his neck.

The light became more glorious still.

“You have not forgotten me,” she said at last. “Having gained by my prayers an easy death for you, I have come.”

Kamionka held her tightly in his embrace, as if fearing this blessed vision, together with this wondrous light, would escape him.

"I am ready to die," he answers, "if you only remain with me."

She smiled with an angelic smile; removing one hand from his neck and pointing downward, she said:

"You have died already; look yonder!"

Kamionka followed the direction of her finger. There, under his feet, through the window in the roof, he saw the inside of his gloomy, lonesome studio, and on his bed lay his own body, with mouth wide open and staring eyes.

He looked on this emaciated body as something foreign to him, and shortly all this receded from his view. The brightness surrounding them, as if impelled by a wind from an unseen world, lifted them together into infinitude.

ORSO.

ORSO.

THE last days of autumn in Anaheim, a town situated in Southern California, are days of joy and celebration. The grape gathering is finished and the town is crowded with the vineyard hands. There is nothing more picturesque than the sight of these people, composed partly of a sprinkling of Mexicans, but mainly of Calhuilla Indians, who come from the wild mountains of San Bernardino to earn some money by gathering grapes. They scatter through the streets and market places, called lolas, where they sleep in tents or under the roof of the sky, which is always clear at this time of the year. This beautiful city, surrounded with its growths of eucalyptus, olive, castor, and

pepper trees, is filled with the noisy confusion of a fair, which strangely contrasts with the deep and solemn silence of the plains, covered with cacti, just beyond the vineyards. In the evening, when the sun hides his radiant head in the depths of the ocean, and upon the rosy sky are seen in its light the equally rosy-tinted wings of the wild geese, ducks, pelicans and cranes, descending by the thousands from the mountains to the ocean, then in the town the lights are lit and the evening amusements begin. The negro minstrels play on bones, and by the campfires can be heard the picking of the banjo; the Mexicans dance on an outspread poncha their favorite bolero; Indians join in the dance, holding in their teeth long white sticks of kiotte, or beating time with their hands, and exclaiming, "E viva;" the fires, fed with redwood, crackle as they blaze, sending up clouds

of bright sparks, and by its reflection can be seen the dancing figures, and around them the local settlers with their comely wives and sisters watching the scene.

The day on which the juice from the last bunch of grapes is trampled out by the feet of the Indians is generally celebrated by the advent of Hirsch's Circus, from Los Angeles. The proprietor of the circus is a German, and besides owns a menagerie composed of monkeys, jaguars, pumas, African lions, one elephant, and several parrots, childish with age—" *The greatest attraction of the world.*" The Cahuilla will give his last peso, if he has not spent it on drink, to see not only wild animals—for these abound in the San Bernardino Mountains—but to see the circus girls, athletes, clowns, and all its wonders, which seem to him as "a great medicine"—that is, magical feats, impossi-

ble of accomplishment except by the aid of supernatural powers.

Mr. Hirsch, the proprietor of the circus, would be very angry with any one who would dare to say that his circus only attracted Mexicans, Indians, and Chinese. Certainly not; the arrival of the circus brings hither not only the people of the town and vicinity, but even those of the neighboring towns of Westminster, Orange, and Los Nietos. Orange Street is crowded with buggies and wagons of divers shapes, so that it is difficult to get through. The whole world of settlers come as one man. Young, bright girls, with their hair prettily banged over their eyes, sitting on the front seats, drive some of these vehicles, and gracefully upset passing pedestrians, chatter and show their white teeth; the Spanish *senoritas* from Los Nietos cover you with their warm, ardent glances from under their lace mantillas;

the married women from the country, dressed in their latest and best fashions, lean with pride on the arms of the sun-burned farmers, who are dressed in old hats, jean pants, and flannel shirts, fastened with hook and eye, and without neckties.

All these people meet and greet each other, gossip, and the women inspect with critical eye the dresses of their neighbors, to see if they are "very fashionable."

Among the buggies are some covered with flowers, which look like huge bouquets; the young men, mounted on mustangs, bend from their high Mexican saddles and peer under the hats of the young girls; the half-wild horses, frightened by the noise and confusion, look here and there with their bloodshot eyes, curvet, rear, and try to unseat their riders, but the cool riders seem to pay no attention to them.

They all speak of "the greatest attraction," which was about to excel everything that had been seen before. Truly the flaming posters announced genuine wonders. The proprietor, Hirsch, that renowned "artist of the whip," will in the arena give a contest with a fierce, untamed African lion. The lion, according to the programme, springs upon the proprietor, whose only defense is his whip. This simple weapon in his hands (according to the programme) will change itself into a fiery sword and shield. The end of this whip will sting as a rattlesnake, flash as lightning, shoot as a thunderbolt, and keep at a proper distance the enraged monster, who vainly roars and tries to jump on the artist. This is not the end yet: sixteen-year-old Orso, an "American Hercules," born of a white father and Indian mother, will carry around six people, three on each shoulder; besides this, the

management offers one hundred dollars to any man, regardless of color, who can throw Orso in a wrestling match. A rumor arose in Anaheim that from the mountains of San Bernardino comes for this purpose the "Grizzly Killer," a hunter who was celebrated for his bravery and strength, and who, since California was settled, was the first man who attacked these great bears single-handed and armed only with a knife. It is the probable victory of the "Grizzly Killer" over the sixteen-year-old athlete of the circus that highly excites the minds of the males of Anaheim, because if Orso, who until now, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, had overthrown the strongest Americans, will be defeated, great glory will cover all California. The feminine minds are not less excited by the following number of the programme: Orso will carry, on a pole thirty feet high, a small fairy, the "Won-

der of the World," of which the poster says that she is the most beautiful girl that ever lived on this earth since the beginning of the "Christian Era." Though she is only thirteen years of age, the management also offers one hundred dollars to every maiden, "without regard to color of skin," who will dare to compete and wrest the palm of beauty from this "Aerial Angel." The maidens of Anaheim, both great and small, make grimaces on reading this, and say that it would not be ladylike to enter such a contest. Nevertheless they gladly surrender the comfort of their rocking chairs rather than miss the show and the chance of seeing their childish rival, in whose beauty, in comparison with the sisters Bimpa, for instance, none of them believed. The two sisters Bimpa, the elder Refugio, and the younger Mercedes, sitting gracefully in a handsome buggy, are now reading the

posters; their faces show no trace of emotion, though they feel that the eyes of Anaheim are on them, as if supplicating them to save the honor of the whole county, and with a patriotic pride, founded upon the conviction that there is none more beautiful than these two California flowers in all the mountains and cañons of the whole world. Oh, beautiful indeed are the sisters Refugio and Mercedes! Not in vain does the pure Castilian blood flow in their veins, to which their mother constantly refers, showing her disdain for all colored races, as well as for the Americans.

The figures of the sisters are slender, subtle, and full of mysterious grace, quiet, and so luxurious that they greatly impress all young men who come near them. From Donnas Refugio and Mercedes exhales a charm as the fragrance from the magnolia and the lily. Their

faces are delicate, complexions transparent with a slight rosy tint, as if illumed with the dawn; the eyes dark and dreamy, sweet, innocent, and tender in their glances. Wrapped in muslin rebosos, they sit in their buggy adorned with flowers, pure and innocent, unconscious of their own beauty. Anaheim looked upon them, devoured them with its eyes, was proud of them, and loved them. Who then is this "Jenny," that can win victory over these? "Truly," the *Saturday Review* wrote, "when little Jenny had climbed to the top of the mast, resting on the powerful shoulders of Orso, and from this eminence, suspended above the earth, in danger of death, she outstretched her arms and poised like a butterfly, the circus became silent and all eyes and hearts followed with trembling the movements of this wonderful child. That he who saw her on the mast or on a horse," concluded the *Satur-*

day Review, "will never forget her, because the greatest painter in the world, even Mr. Harvey, of San Francisco, who decorated the Palace Hotel, could paint nothing equal to it."

The youths of Anaheim who were enamored by the Misses Bimpa were skeptical of this, and affirmed that it was a "humbug," but this question will be settled in the evening. Meanwhile, the commotion around the circus is increasing each moment. From among the long, low wooden buildings surrounding the canvas circus there comes the roar of the lions and elephant; the parrots, fastened to rings hanging to the huts, fill the air with their cries and whistles; the monkeys swing suspended by their tails or mock the public, who are kept at a distance by a rope fence. At last, from the main inclosure the procession emerges for the purpose of whetting and astonishing

the curiosity of the public to a greater extent. The procession is headed by a gaudy band-wagon, drawn by six prancing horses with fine harness, and feathers on their heads. The riders on the saddles are in the costume of French postilions. On the other wagons come cages of lions, and in every cage is seated a lady with an olive branch in her hand. Then follows an elephant, covered with a carpet, and a tower on its back, which contains several men arrayed as East Indian hunters. The band is playing, the drums are beating, the lions are roaring, the whips are cracking; in a word, this cavalcade moves forward with great noise and uproar. But this is not all: behind the elephant there follows a machine on wheels, with a locomotive pipe, somewhat resembling an organ, which, blown by steam, emits the most discordant yells and whistles intended for the national "Yankee Doodle." The

Americans cry "Hurrah !" the Germans, "Hoch !" the Mexicans, "E viva !" and the Cabuillas howl for joy.

The crowds follow the procession, the place around the circus becomes deserted, the parrots cease their chatter, and the monkeys their gymnastics. But "the greatest attractions" do not take part in the procession. The "incomparable artist of the whip," the manager, the "unconquerable Orso," and the "Aërial Angel, Jenny," are all absent. All this is preserved for the evening so as to attract the crowds.

The manager is somewhere in one of the wooden buildings, or looks into the ticket seller's van, where he pretends to be angry. Orso and Jenny are in the ring practicing some of their feats. Under its canvas roof reigns dust and silence. In the distance, where the seats are arranged, it is totally dark; the greatest part of the

light falls through the roof on the ring, with its sand and sawdust covering. With the help of the gray light which filters through the canvas can be seen a horse standing near the parapet. The big horse feels very lonely, whisks the flies with his tail, and often sways his head. Gradually the eye, becoming accustomed to the dim light, discerns other objects—for instance: the mast upon which Orso carries Jenny, the hoops pasted with paper for her to jump through. All these lie on the ground without order, and the half-lighted arena and nearly dark benches give an impression of a deserted building with battened windows. The terrace of seats, only here and there broken with a stray glimmer of light, look like ruins. The horse, standing with drooping head, does not enliven the picture.

Where are Orso and Jenny? One of the rays of light that stream through an

aperture of the canvas, in which floats the golden dust, falls on a row of distant seats. This body of light, undulating with the swaying canvas, at last falls upon a group composed of Orso and Jenny.

Orso sits on top of the bench, and near to him is Jenny. Her beautiful childish face leans against the arm of the athlete and her hand rests on his neck. The eyes of the girl are lifted upward, as if listening intently to the words of her companion, who bends over her, moving his head at times, apparently explaining something.

Leaning as they are against each other, you might take them for a pair of lovers, but for the fact that the girl's uplifted eyes express strong attention and intense thought, rather than any romantic feeling, and that her legs, which are covered with pink fleshings, and her feet in slippers, sway to and fro with a childish

abandon. Her figure has just begun to blossom into maidenhood. In everything Jenny is still a child, but so charming and beautiful that, without reflecting upon the ability of Mr. Harvey, who decorated the Palace Hotel, of San Francisco, it would be difficult even for him to imagine anything to equal her. Her delicate face is simply angelic; her large, sad blue eyes have a deep, sweet and confiding expression; her dark eyebrows are penciled with unequaled purity on her forehead, white and reposeful as if in deep thought, and the bright, silky hair, somewhat tossed, throws a shadow on it, of which, not only Master Harvey, but a certain other painter, named Rembrandt, would not have been ashamed. The girl at once reminds you of Cinderella and Gretchen, and the leaning posture which she now maintains suggests timidity and the need of protection.

Her posture, which strongly reminds

you of those of Greuz, contrasts strangely with her circus attire, composed of a short, white muslin skirt, embroidered with small silver stars, and pink tights. Sitting in a golden beam of light with the dark, deep background, she looks like some sunny and transparent vision, and her slender form contrasts with the square and sturdy figure of the youth.

Orso, who is dressed in pink tights, appears from afar as if he were naked, and the same ray of light distinctly reveals his immense shoulders, rounded chest, small waist, and legs too short in proportion to the trunk.

His powerful form seems as if it were hewn out with an ax. He has all the features of a circus athlete, but so magnified that they make him noticeable; besides, his face is not handsome. Sometimes, when he raises his head, you can see his face, the lines of which are regular, per-

haps too regular, and somewhat rigid, as if carved from marble. The low forehead, with the hair falling on it, like the mane of a horse, straight and black, inherited from his squaw mother, gives to his face a gloomy and threatening expression. He has a similarity to both the bull and the bear, and he personifies a terrible and somewhat evil force. He is not of a good disposition.

When Jenny passes by the horses, those gentle creatures turn their heads and look at her with intelligent eyes, and neigh and whinny, as if wishing to say: "How do you do, darling?" while at the sight of Orso they shudder with fear. He is a reticent and gloomy youth. Mr. Hirsch's negroes, who are his hostlers, clowns, minstrels, and rope-walkers, do not like Orso and tease him as much as they dare, and because he is half-Indian they think nothing of him, and plague and mock him.

Truly, the manager, who offers the hundred dollars to any one who can defeat him, does not risk much; he dislikes and fears him, as the tamer of the wild animals fears a lion, and whips him on the slightest provocation.

Mr. Hirsch feels that, if he does not keep the youth in subjection by constantly beating him, he will be beaten himself, and he follows the principle of the Creole woman, who considered beating a punishment, and no beating a reward.

Such was Orso. Recently he began to be less sullen, because little Jenny had a good influence over him. It happened about a year ago that when Orso, who was then the attendant of the wild animals, was cleaning the cage of the puma, the beast put its paws through the bars of the cage and wounded his head severely. Then he entered the cage, and after a terrible fight between them, he alone re-

mained alive. But he was so badly hurt that he fainted from loss of blood. He was ill a long time, which was greatly aggravated by a severe whipping which the manager gave him for breaking the spine of the puma.

When he was ill Jenny took great care of him, and dressed his wounds, and when she had leisure, read the Bible to him. That is a "good book" which speaks of love, of forgiveness, of mercy—in a word, of things that are never mentioned in Mr. Hirsch's circus. Orso, listening to this book, pondered long in his Indian head and at last came to the conclusion that if it would be as good in the circus as in this book, perhaps he would not be so bad. He thought also that then he would not be beaten so often, and some one would be found who would love him. But who? Not negroes and not Mr. Hirsch; little Jenny, whose voice sounded as sweetly in

his ears as the voice of the mavis, might be the one.

One evening, under the influence of this thought, he began to weep and kiss the small hands of Jenny, and from this time on he loved her very much. During the performance in the evening, when Jenny was riding a horse, he was always in the ring and carefully watching over her to prevent any accident. When he held the paper hoops for her to jump through he smiled on her; when to the sound of the music he balanced her on the top of the high mast, and the audience was hushed with fright, he felt uneasy himself. He knew very well if she should fall that no one from the "good book" would be left in the circus; he never removed his eyes from her, and the evident caution and anxiety expressed in his movements added to the terror of the people. Then, when recalled into the

ring by the storm of applause, they would run in together, he would push her forward, as if deserving of all the praise, and murmur from joy. This reticent youth spoke only to Jenny, and to her alone he opened his mind. He hated the circus and Mr. Hirsch, who was entirely different from the people in the "good book." Something always attracted him to the edge of the horizon, to the woods and plains. When the circus troupe in their constant wanderings chanced to pass through wild, lonely spots, he heard voices awakening the instincts of a captive wolf, who sees the woods and plains for the first time. This propensity he inherited not only from his mother, but also from his father, who had been a frontiersman. He shared all his hopes with Jenny, and often narrated to her how fully and untrammelled live the people of the plains. Most of this he guessed or gleaned from the hunters of

the prairies, who came to the circus with wild animals which they had captured for the menagerie, or to try their prowess for the hundred-dollar prize.

Little Jenny listened to these Indian visions, opening widely her blue eyes and falling into deep reveries. For Orso never spoke of going alone to the desert; she was always with him, and it was very good for them there. Every day they saw something new; they possessed all they needed, and it seemed right to make all their plans carefully.

So now they sit in this beam of light, talking to each other, instead of practicing and attempting new feats. The horse stands in the ring and feels lonely. Jenny leans on Orso's arm, thoughtfully contemplating and looking with wistful, wondering eyes into the dim space, swinging her feet like a child and musing—how it

will be on the plains, and asking questions from Orso.

“How do they live there?” says she, raising her eyes to the face of her friend.

“There is plenty of oaks. They take an ax and build a house.”

“Well,” says Jenny, “but until the house is built?”

“It is always warm there. The ‘Grizzly Killer’ says it is very warm.”

Jenny begins to swing her feet more lively, as if the warmth there has settled the question in her mind; but shortly she remembers that she has in the circus a dog and a cat, and that she would like to take them with her. She calls her dog Mister Dog and her cat Mister Cat.

“And will Mr. Dog and Mr. Cat go with us?”

“They will,” answers Orso, looking pleased.

“Will we take with us the ‘good book’?”

“We will,” says Orso, still more pleased.

“Well,” says the girl in her innocence, “Mr. Cat will catch birds for us; Mr. Dog will drive away bad people with his bark; you will be my husband and I will be your wife, and they will be our children.”

Orso feels so happy that he cannot speak, and Jenny continues:

“There, there will be no Mr. Hirsch, no circus, we will not work, and basta! But no!” she adds a moment later, “the ‘good book’ says that we should work, and I sometimes will jump through one—through the two hoops, the three, the four hoops.”

Jenny evidently does not imagine work under any other form than jumping through hoops.

Shortly she says again:

“Orso, will I indeed be always with you?”

“Yes, Jen, for I love you very much.”

His face brightens as he says so, and becomes almost beautiful.

And yet he does not know himself how dear to him has become this small bright head.

He has nothing else in this world but her, and he watches her as the faithful dog guards his mistress. By her fragile side he looks like Hercules, but he is unconscious of this.

“Jen,” says he after a moment, “listen to what I tell you.”

Jenny, who shortly before had got up to look at the horse, now turns and, kneeling down before Orso, puts her two elbows on his knees, crosses her arms and, resting her chin on her wrists, uplifts her face and is all attention.

At this moment, to the consternation of

the children, the "artist of the whip" enters the ring in a very bad humor, because his trial with a lion had entirely failed.

This lion, who was bald from old age, desired only to be let alone, had no inclination to attack the "artist," and hid himself from the lash of the whip in a far corner of the cage. The manager thought with despair that if this loyal disposition remained with the lion until the evening the contest with the whip would be a failure; for to fight a lion who slinks away needs no more art than to eat a lobster from his tail. The bad temper of the proprietor became still worse when he learned from the ticket seller that he was disposing of no seats in the "gods;" that the Cahnillas evidently had spent all their money that they had earned in the vineyards for drinks, and that they came to his window and offered their blankets, marked "U. S.,"

or their wives, especially the old ones, in exchange for tickets of admission. The lack of money among the Cahuillas was no small loss for the "artist of the whip;" for he counted on a "crowded house," and if the seats in the "gods" were not sold no "crowded house" was obtainable; therefore the manager wished at this moment that all the Indians had but one back, and that he might give an exhibition of his skill with the whip on that one back, in the presence of all Anaheim. Thus he felt as he entered the ring, and seeing the horse standing idle under the parapet, he felt like jumping with anger. Where are Orso and Jenny? Shading his eyes with his hand he looked all around the circus, and observed in a bright beam, Orso, and Jenny kneeling before him with her elbows resting on his knees. At this sight he let the lash of his whip trail on the ground.

"Orso!"

If lightning had struck in the midst of the children they could not have been more startled. Orso jumped to his feet and descended in the passageway between the benches with the hasty movement of an animal who comes to his master at his call; behind him followed Jenny with eyes wide open from fright, and clutching the benches as she passed them.

Orso, on entering the ring, stopped by the parapet, gloomy and silent, the gray light from above bringing into relief his Herculean trunk upon its short legs.

“Nearer,” cried out the manager in a hoarse voice; meanwhile the lash of his long whip moved upon the sand with a threatening motion, like the tail of a tiger watching his approaching prey.

Orso advanced several steps, and for a few minutes they looked into each other's eyes. The manager's face resembled that of the tamer who enters the cage, intend-

ing to subdue a dangerous animal, and at the same time watches it.

His rage overcame his caution. His legs, incased in elk riding breeches and high boots, pranced under him with anger. Perhaps it was not the idleness alone of the children which increased his rage. Jenny, from above, looked at both of them like a frightened hare watching two lynxes.

“Hoodlum! dog catcher, thou cur!” hissed the manager.

The whip with the velocity of lightning whistled through the air in a circle, hissed and struck. Orso winced and howled a little, and stepped toward the manager, but the second stroke stopped him at once, then the third, fourth—tenth. The contest had begun, although there was no audience. The uplifted hand of the “great artist” scarcely moved, but his wrist revolved, as if a part of some

machinery, and, with each revolution, the sharp point of the lash stung the skin of Orso. It seemed as if the whip, or rather its poisonous fang, filled the whole space between the athlete and the manager, who in his increasing excitement reached the genuine enthusiasm of the artist. The "master" simply improvised. The crack-
ing end flashing in the air twice had written down its bloody trace on the bare neck of the athlete. Orso was silent in this dance. At every cut he stepped one step forward and the manager one step backward. In this way they circled the arena, and at last the manager backed out of the ring as a conqueror from the cage, and disappeared through the entrance to the stables, still as the conqueror. As he left his eye fell on Jenny.

"Get on your horse," he cried; "I will settle with you later."

His voice had scarcely ceased before her

white skirt flashed in the air, and in a moment she was on the back of the horse. The manager had disappeared, and the horse began to gallop around the ring, occasionally striking the side with its hoofs.

“Hep! Hep!” agitatedly said Jenny to the horse with her childish voice: “Hep! hep!” but this “hep, hep,” was at the same time a sob. The horse increased his speed, clattering with his hoofs as he leaned more and more to the center. The girl, standing on the pad with her feet close together, seemed scarcely to touch it with the ends of her toes; her bare rosy arms rose and fell as she maintained her balance; her hair and light muslin dress floated behind her supple figure, which looked like a bird circling in the air.

“Hep! hep!” she kept exclaiming. Meanwhile her eyes were filled with tears, and to see she had to raise her head; the movement of the horse made her dizzy;

the terrace of seats and the ring seemed to revolve around her; she wavered once, twice, and then fell down into the arms of Orso.

“ Oh! Orso, poor Orso!” cried the child.

“ What’s the matter, Jen? why do you cry? I don’t feel the pain, I don’t feel it.”

Jenny threw both her arms around his neck and began to kiss his cheeks. Her whole body trembled, and she sobbed convulsively.

“ Orso, oh, Orso,” she sobbed, for she could not speak, and her arms clung closer to his neck. She could not have cried more if she had been beaten herself. So, in the end, he began to pet and console her. Forgetting his own pain he took her in his arms and pressed her to his heart, and his nerves being excited by the beating, he now felt for the first time that he loved her more than the dog loved his mistress.

He breathed heavily, and his lips panted out the words:

“I feel no pain. When you are with me, I am happy, Jenny, Jenny!”

When this was transpiring the manager was walking in the stables, foaming with rage. His heart was filled with jealousy. He saw the girl on her knees before Orso; recently this beautiful child had awakened the lower instincts in him, but as yet undeveloped, and now he fancied that she and Orso loved each other, and he felt revengeful, and had a wild desire to punish her—to whip her soundly. This desire he could not resist. Shortly he called to her.

She at once left Orso, and in a moment had disappeared in the dark entrance to the stables. Orso stood stupefied, and instead of following her he walked with unsteady steps to a bench, and, seating himself, began to breathe heavily.

When the girl entered the stables she could see nothing, as it was much darker there than in the ring. Yet, fearing that she would be suspected of having delayed her coming, she cried out in a faint voice:

“I am here, master, I am here.”

At the same moment the hand of the manager caught hers, and he hoarsely said:

“Come!”

If he had shown anger or badly scolded her she would have felt less frightened than at this silence with which he led her to the circus wardrobe. She hung back, resisting him, and repeating quickly:

“Oh, dear Mr. Hirsch, forgive me! forgive me!”

But forcibly he dragged her to the long room where they stored their costumes, and turned the key in the door.

Jenny fell down on her knees. With uplifted eyes and folded hands, trembling

as a leaf, the tears streaming down her cheeks, she tried to arouse his mercy; in answer to her supplications, he took from the wall a wire whip, and said:

“Lie down.”

With despair she flung herself at his feet, nearly dying from fright. Every nerve of her body quivered; but vainly she pressed her pallid lips to his polished boots. Her alarm and pleading seemed to arouse the demon in him more than ever. Grasping her roughly, he threw her violently on a heap of dresses, and in an instant, after trying to stop the kicking of her feet, he began beating her cruelly.

“Orso! Orso!” she shouted.

About this moment the door shook on its hinges, rattled, creaked and gave way, and half of it, pushed in with a tremendous force, fell with a crash upon the ground.

In this opening stood Orso.

The wire whip fell from the hand of the manager, and his face became deadly pale, because Orso looked ferocious. His eyes were bloodshot, his lips covered with foam, his head inclined to one side like a bull's, and his whole body was crouched and gathered, as if ready to spring.

“Get out!” cried the manager, trying to hide his fear behind a show of authority.

The pent-up dam was already broken. Orso, who was usually as obedient to every motion as a dog, this time did not move, but leaning his head still more to one side, he moved slowly and threateningly toward the “artist of the whip,” his iron muscles taut as whipcords.

“Help! help!” cried the manager.

They heard him.

Four brawny negroes from the stables ran in through the broken door and fell upon Orso. A terrible fight ensued, upon which the manager looked with chattering

teeth. For a long time you could see nothing but a tangled mass of dark bodies wrestling with convulsive movements, rolling on the ground in a writhing heap; in the silence which followed sometimes was heard a groan, a snort, loud short breathing, the gritting of teeth.

In a moment one of the negroes, as if by a superhuman force, was sent from this formless mass, whirling headlong through the air, and fell at the feet of the manager, striking his skull with great force on the ground; soon a second flew out; then from the center of this turbulent group Orso's body alone arose, covered with blood and looking more terrible than before. His knees were still pressing heavily on the breasts of the two fainting negroes. He arose to his feet and moved toward the manager.

Hirsch closed his eyes.

The next moment he felt that his feet

had left the ground, that he was flying through the air—then he felt nothing; his whole body was dashed with monstrous force into the remaining half of the door, and he fell to the earth unconscious.

Orso wiped his face, and, coming over to Jenny, said:

“Let us go.”

He took her by the hand and they went.

The whole town was following the circus procession and the steam calliope, playing “Yankee Doodle,” and the place around the circus was deserted. The parrots only, swinging in their hoops, filled the air with their cries. Hand in hand, Orso and Jenny went forward; from the end of the street could be seen the immense plains, covered with cacti. Silently they passed by the houses, shaded by the eucalyptus trees; then they passed the slaughter-houses, around which had gathered thou-

sands of small black birds with red-tipped wings. They jumped over the large irrigation ditches, entered into an orange grove, and on emerging from it found themselves among the cacti.

This was the desert.

As far as the eye could reach these prickly plants rose higher and higher; thick leaves growing from other leaves obstructed the path, sometimes catching on Jenny's dress. In places they grew to such a great height that the children seemed to be as much lost here as if they were in the woods, and no one could find them there. So they kept threading their way through them, now to the right and then to the left, but careful always to go from the town. Sometimes between the cacti they could see on the horizon the blue mountains of Santa Ana. They went to the mountains. The heat was great. Gray-colored locusts chirped in

the cacti; the sun's rays poured down upon the earth in streams; the dried-up earth was covered with a network of cracks; the stiff leaves of the cacti seemed to soften from the heat, and the flowers were languid and half-wilted. The children proceeded, silent and thoughtful. But all that surrounded them was so new that they surrendered themselves to their impressions, and for the moment forgot even their weariness. Jenny's eyes ran from one bunch of cacti to another; again she looked to the farther clusters, saying to her friend:

“Is this the wilderness, Orso?”

But the desert did not appear to be deserted. From the farther clumps came the calling of the male quail, and around sounded the different murmurs of clucking, of twittering, of the ruffling of feathers: in a word, the divers voices of the small inhabitants of the plains. Some-

times there flew up a whole covey of quail; the gaudy-topped pheasants scattered on their approach; the black squirrels dived into their holes; the rabbits disappeared in all directions; the gophers were sitting on their hind legs beside their holes, looking like fat German farmers standing in their doorway.

After resting an hour the children proceeded on their journey. Jenny soon felt thirsty. Orso, in whom had awakened his Indian inventive faculties, began to pluck cactus fruits. They were in abundance, and grew together with the flowers on the same leaves. In plucking them they pricked their fingers with the sharp points, but the fruit was luscious. Their sweet and acid flavor quenched at once their thirst and appeased their hunger. The prairies fed the children as a mother; thus strengthened they could proceed further. The cacti arose higher,

and you could say that they grew on the head of one another. The ground on which they walked ascended gradually and continuously. Looking backward once more they saw Anaheim, dissolving in the distance and looking like a grove of trees upon the low plains. Not a trace of the circus could be distinguished. They still pressed steadily onward to the mountains, which now became more distinct in the distance. The surroundings assumed another phase. Between the cacti appeared different bushes and even trees; the wooded portion of the foothills of Santa Ana had commenced. Orso broke one of the saplings, and, clearing off its branches, made a cudgel of it, which, in his hands, would prove a terrible weapon. His Indian instincts whispered to him that in the mountains it was better to be provided, even with a stick, than to go unarmed, especially now that the sun had

lowered itself into the west. Its great fiery shield had rolled down far beyond Anaheim, into the blue ocean. After a while it disappeared, and in the west there gleamed red, golden, and orange lights, similar to ribbons and gauzy veils, stretched over the whole sky. The mountains uplifted themselves in this glow; the cacti assumed different fantastical shapes, resembling people and animals. Jenny felt tired and sleepy, but they still hastened to the mountains, although they knew not why. Soon they saw rocks, and on reaching them they discovered a stream; they drank some water and continued along its course. The rocks, which were at first broken and scattered, then changed into a solid wall, which became higher and higher, and soon they entered into a cañon.

The rosy lights died away; deeper and deeper dusk enveloped the earth. In

places immense vines reached from one side of the cañon to the other, covering it like a roof, and making it dark and uncanny. On the mountain side, above them, could be heard the voices of the swaying and creaking forest trees. Orso implied that now they were in the depths of the wilderness, where certainly there were many wild animals. From time to time his ear detected suspicious sounds, and when night fell he distinctly heard the hoarse mewing of the lynxes, the roar of the pumas, and the melancholy howling of the coyotes.

“Are you afraid, Jen?” asked Orso.

“No,” replied the girl.

But she was already very tired, and could proceed no farther, so Orso took her in his arms and carried her. He went forward with the hope that he would reach the house of some squatter, or should meet some Mexican campers. Once or twice it

seemed to him that he saw the gleam of some wild animal's eyes. Then with one hand he pressed Jenny, who had now fallen asleep, to his breast, and with the other he grasped his stick. He was very tired himself; notwithstanding his great strength Jenny began to prove heavy to him, especially as he carried her on his left arm; the right one he wished to have free for defense. Occasionally he stopped to regain his breath and then continued on. Suddenly he paused and listened intently. It seemed to him as if he heard the echoes of the small bells which the settlers tie for the night to the neck of their cows and goats. Rushing forward, he soon reached a bend in the stream. The sound of the bells became more distinct, and joined with them in the distance was heard the barking of a dog. Then Orso was sure that he was nearing some settlement. It was high time that

he did, for he was exhausted by the events of the day, and his strength had begun to fail him. On turning another bend he saw a light; as he moved forward his quick eyes discerned a campfire, a dog, evidently tied to a stump, tearing and barking, and at last the figure of a man seated by the fire.

“God send that this may be a man from the ‘good book’!” thought he.

Then he resolved to awaken Jenny.

“Jen!” called he, “awake, we shall eat.”

“What is it?” asked the girl; “where are we?”

“In the wilderness.”

She was now wide awake.

“What light is that?”

“A man lives there; we shall eat.”

Poor Orso was very hungry.

Meanwhile they were nearing the fire. The dog barked more violently, and the

old man, sitting by the fire, shaded his eyes and peered into the gloom. Shortly he said:

“Who is there?”

“It is us,” answered Jenny in her delicate voice, “and we are very hungry.”

“Come nearer,” said the old man.

Emerging from behind a great rock, which had partly concealed them, they both stood in the light of the fire, holding each other's hands. The old man looked at them with astonishment, and involuntarily exclaimed:

“What is that?”

For he saw a sight which, in the sparsely populated mountains of Santa Ana, would astonish any one. Orso and Jenny were dressed in their circus attire. The beautiful girl, clothed in pink tights and short white skirt, appearing so suddenly before him, looked in the firelight like some fairy sylph. Behind her stood

the youth with his powerful figure, covered also with pink fleshings, through which you could see his muscles standing out like knots on the oak.

The old squatter gazed at them with wide-open eyes.

“Who are you?” he inquired.

The girl, relying more on her own eloquence than on that of Orso, began to speak.

“We are from the circus, kind sir! Mr. Hirsch beat Orso very much and then wanted to beat me, but Orso did not let him, and fought Mr. Hirsch and four negroes, and then we ran off on the plains, and went a long distance through the cacti, and Orso carried me; then we came here and are very hungry.”

The face of the old man softened and brightened as he listened to her story, and he looked with a fatherly interest on this charming child, who spoke with great

haste, as if she wished to tell all in one breath.

“What is your name, little one?” he asked.

“Jenny.”

“Welcome, Jenny! and you, Orso! people rarely come here. Come to me, Jenny.”

Without hesitation the little girl put her arms around the neck of the old man and kissed him warmly. He appeared to her to be some one from the “good book.”

“Will Mr. Hirsch find us here?” she said, as she took her lips from his face.

“If he comes he will find a bullet here,” replied the old man; then added, “you said that you wanted to eat?”

“Oh, yes, very much.”

The squatter, raking in the ashes of the fire, took out a fine leg of venison, the

pleasant odor of which filled the air. Then they sat down to eat.

The night was gorgeous; the moon came out high in the heavens above the cañon; in the thicket the mavis began to [sing sweetly; the fire burned brightly, and Orso was so filled with joy that he chanted with gladness. Both he and the girl ate heartily. The old man had no appetite; he looked upon little Jenny, and, for some unknown cause, his eyes were filled with tears.

Perhaps he had been once a father, or, perhaps, he so rarely saw people in these deserted mountains.

.

Since then these three lived together.



MEMORIES OF MARIPOSA.



MEMORIES OF MARIPOSA.

I MADE a flying trip to Mariposa, and hurriedly inspected its surroundings. I would have stayed longer had I known that several miles from the town there lived in the woods a prototype of my "Lighthouse Keeper of Aspinwall." Not long ago Mr. M., who was with me in California, after having read the "Lighthouse Keeper," narrated to me his meeting with a Polish squatter who had similar characteristics. This narrative I faithfully repeat here.

On the road to the Big Trees, those giants of California, I visited Mariposa. That town contained a few years ago fifteen thousand inhabitants; now it has a great deal less. It is observed in the New

World that cities grow up like mushrooms, but often they are as short-lived as butterflies. So it was with Mariposa. As long as the bed of the small river, Mariposa, shone with gold, and set on her banks the greenish nuggets of the precious metal, here swarmed the American miners, "gambusinos" from Mexico, and merchants from the whole world. Later they all left. These "golden" cities do not endure, because earlier or later the gold must become exhausted. To-day the town of Mariposa has but one thousand inhabitants, and the banks of the river have dressed themselves again with the thickets of weeping willow, cottonwood, and smaller trees. Where before the miners sang at evening, "I Crossed the Mississippi," now sing the coyotes. The town consists of one street, on which the best building is a schoolhouse, the second best is the town hall, the third the

hotel of Mr. Biling; there are also a grocery, saloon, and bakery. A few more stores exhibit their goods in their windows. The trade here is very small. The stores supply the needs of the town only, for in its vicinity are but few farmers. The whole country is very sparsely populated, and is filled mostly with gigantic woods, wherein, at great intervals, have settled squatters.

When our stagecoach entered the town it seemed very crowded, for we arrived on Friday—and this was the market-day. Settlers bring their honey to the grocery stores, where they get divers articles of food. Others bring herds of stock, and farmers furnish grain. Though immigration comes to Mariposa very slowly, yet there was to be seen several wagons of the immigrants, which could be recognized by their high white canvas covering, and between the wheels is generally

tied a dog. There was quite a crowd before the hotel, and the proprietor moved around lively, dispensing gin, whisky, and brandy. At the first glance he recognized that I was a foreigner going to visit the Big Trees, and, because tourists made his best clientele, he showed me special attention.

He was not a young man, but he was lively and energetic. It could be easily seen from his movements and his countenance that he was not a Prussian. With great politeness he showed me to my room, explaining that it was now after breakfast time, but, if I wished, they would serve me in the dining-room.

“Do you come from San Francisco?”

“Oh, no. From a farther country.”

“All right. Bound for the Big Trees, I suppose?”

“Yes, sir.”

“If you wish to see the photographs of

the trees you will find them in the room below."

"Very well, I'll soon come down."

"Will you stay long in Mariposa?"

"Several days. I want to rest, and, besides, to see the neighboring woods."

"The hunting here is excellent. A few days ago they killed a puma."

"That is good. I will take a nap now."

"Good-by. Downstairs there is a register, in which you will please write your name."

"Certainly, with pleasure. Good-by."

I lay down and slept till the dinner hour, which was announced by the strokes of a stick on a miner's tin pan. I came down and registered, not neglecting to add after my name, "from Poland." Then I went to the dining-room. The trade certainly was ended for the day, and the traders dispersed to their homes, because few

people sat down to the table: two farmers with their families, a man with but one eye and without a necktie, a lady, who was the schoolteacher, and who probably lived in the hotel, and an old man, a squatter, as far as I could judge from his dress and bearing. We ate in silence, interrupted only with short remarks: "I would thank you for the bread," or "for the butter," or "for salt." Thus did those who sat far from these things ask their neighbors to help them. I was very tired and did not care to enter into a conversation, so instead I examined the room, whose walls, as Mr. Biling said, were decorated with the photographs of the gigantic trees. So, then, "the Father of the Forest" is overthrown; he could not bear the weight of the four thousand years upon his back.

Length, four hundred and fifty feet, circumference, one hundred and twelve

feet. Quite a Father! You can scarcely believe your eyes and the signed names. The Grizzled Giant: fifteen yards in diameter. Indeed! Even our Jews would be perplexed how to ship such a plant to Dantzic. My heart was thrilled with the thought that soon I should see, in reality, with my own eyes, this group of trees, or rather colossal towers, standing lonely in the woods . . . from the flood.

That I, a Warsawian, should see "the father," touch his bark, and should, perhaps, take a piece back to Warsaw as a proof to the skeptics that I had been indeed in California! A man who wanders so far away from his home appears to himself strange, and unconsciously is gladdened with the thought of what he will narrate on his return, and that the local skeptics will not believe that there are in the world trees fifty-six yards in circumference. My med-

itations were interrupted by the voice of the colored servant.

“Will you have milk with your coffee, or black?”

“Black, as you are yourself,” I had an impulse to say, but such an answer would have been improper, because the old negro’s hair was as white as milk, and he was so feeble that he could scarcely move his feet.

Shortly the dinner was ended and all arose. The farmer put some chewing tobacco into his mouth, and his wife, seating herself in a rocking-chair, began to rock vigorously; and the daughter, the bright and vivacious Polly or Kate, went to the piano, and presently I heard:

“Yankee Doodle came to town.”

“You can’t catch me with Yankee Doodle,” I thought to myself. From New York to Mariposa the girls had played it to me on the piano, the soldiers

on their brass instruments, the negroes on their banjos, and the children on xylophones.

I lighted my cigar and went out on the street. A slight dusk had settled upon the air. The immigrants' wagons had departed. It was still and charming. The west was red with the sunset, the east was getting dark. I felt easy and buoyant. Life appeared very pleasant, light, and free. From the cottages and gardens came to me the sound of songs; at times among the bushes there glistened a white dress, a pair of bright eyes. What a beautiful evening! only it is to be regretted that Americans have the habit in the evenings of burning garbage on the streets. The smell of the smoke unnecessarily mixes with the fragrance of roses and the odor of the near woods. At intervals, from the fields and thickets adjacent to the town, could be heard the sound of

shooting: nearly all the inhabitants of Mariposa are hunters.

All movement on the street had ceased and the garbage heaps had burned out. I met several persons, and, perhaps, I unconsciously transferred to them something of my feeling, for in the soft light of the sunset all their faces seemed to me contented, quiet, and happy.

Maybe, I thought, life is quiet, peaceful, and happy here, in this unknown, lost-in-the-woods corner of the world. Perhaps, also, in this American freedom the soul becomes bright and shines with a mild light, as the firefly. Besides, there is no cold and hunger here, and there is room enough, where you can spread yourself and stretch your hands and feet. And these woods are so peaceful, oh, so peaceful!

Several negroes coming toward me sang, with quite melodious voices, "The Silver Threads." "Good-evening, sir," said they

cheerfully, as they passed me by. People are well meaning and polite here. Verily, when old age shall come, I shall look back and think of this quiet Mariposa. From the sky there floated to me the voices of the cranes flying toward the ocean. This quiet picture lulled me and made me dream. Strange bundle of impressions!

I returned to the hotel, and in my room, filled with a spirit of meditation and of sweet and touching emotions, I began to think of home and my dear ones, and started to sing.

Some one knocked at the door.

"I wonder who it can be?" thought I.

"Come in," I said.

Whereupon the proprietor entered. What is it? What kind of country is this? His face showed signs of great emotion. He grasped my hand warmly and squeezed it tightly, and, without letting it go, stepped back to his arm's

length and looked at me as if he wished to bless me.

I opened my lips, and my astonishment equaled his fervency.

"I saw in the hotel register," said he, "that you are from Poland."

"It is so—are you also a Pole?"

"Oh, no. I am from Baden."

"Then you were in Poland?"

"Oh, no—never!"

"Then?"

My eyes were as wide open as my lips.

"Sir," said the proprietor, "I was in the army under Mieroslowski."

"Is that so?"

"He was a hero. He was the greatest general in the world. Does he live yet?"

"No, he is dead."

"Dead!" echoed the German, and, sitting down, dropped his hands heavily on his knees and his head on his breast.

I did not know what to do. I did not

share the enthusiasm of Mr. Biling for Mieroslawski, but at this time and in this place this enthusiasm was dear to and flattered me. Mr. Biling conquered his sorrow, and his eloquent admiration of Mieroslawski streamed like a waterfall in comparison to which Niagara or Yosemite Falls are nothing. Soon I heard the names of several heroes of antiquity, several from the middle ages, then those of Washington, Lafayette, Kosciusko, and Mieroslawski. Then I heard such expressions as these: "Liberty, progress, civilization." I heard hundreds and thousands of these words. The eloquent general had, evidently, eloquent soldiers.

"He was an ideal man," in the end my landlord exclaimed.

"He was, or he was not—let us omit the question," I thought to myself, "but it is a fact, that if you, a typical German, possess an ideal, you are indebted for it to a

Pole, and if to him, *ergo*, why not to us? Your thoughts, perhaps, never would have risen above the dollars and the profits of your hotel ; you would have tried only to entice the tourists going to the ‘Big Trees,’ and bow and scrape to them as you did to me; and now a higher spirit pervades you, and you utter words which became long ago in Europe as stale as old beer, but which have never ceased to be the most noble words that the human tongue can pronounce. In Europe there is, perhaps, only one corner where they are yet taken seriously—sometimes spoken with a tear and sometimes with pain, that others desecrate these treasures or whistle upon them, as upon a hollow nut. But it is difficult, even in that corner, sometimes—it is difficult—oh, so difficult! What an honest fellow this German is! Neither Sadowa nor Sedan impresses him, and he only mentions Mieroslawski and Baden.

Biling's Hotel, Mariposa, California. It is well to note the address of such a German, but it is necessary to go as far as Mariposa to meet him."

He kept repeating, "Oh, this Mieroslawski!" Surely he wiped his eyes. A golden soul!

"Seeing you makes me feel as good as if I had taken a drink of whisky with ginger in it," he said to me. He grasped my hand, squeezed it again, and started toward the door; near to the door, he struck his hand to his forehead with a loud slap.

"Oh," he said, "I had nearly forgotten—there is a countryman of yours here."

"In Mariposa?"

"No, he lives in the woods; on Fridays he comes to the market with his honey and remains over night. A very good old man. He has been here more than twenty years. No one was here when he came. To-morrow I will bring him to you."

“What is his name?”

The German stopped and began to scratch his head, like any Polish *bartek* (peasant).

“Oh, I don’t know; something very difficult.”

Next morning, just after rising and before breakfast, my German friend brought my countryman to me.

He was of great stature, quite tall, and somewhat bent. He had a white head, white beard, and blue eyes, which he fixed on me with a strange intentness.

“I will leave you gentlemen alone,” said the German.

We were left alone and looked at each other a long time in silence. I felt somewhat confused seeing the old man, who reminded me more of Wernyhora (the celebrated prophet-singer of the Cossacks), than of an average countryman of mine.

“I am called Putrament,” said the old

man; "doth my name sound strange to thine ears?"

"My name is M.," I replied. "Yours is familiar to me; I think you are from Lithuania?"

Something indeed came to my mind from the poem, "Pan Taddheus," about a story of "Putrament with a picture," where Protazy speaks of different law-suits.

The old man raised his hand to his ear.

"Eh?" said he.

"I suppose you are from Lithuania?"

"Lift thy voice, for old age has spoiled my ears, and deaf is this old age of mine," he said.

"Does he mock me or am I a fool?" thought I to myself, but somehow this man speaks with the language of the prophets; what eccentric people I meet here!

“You came here long ago from our country?” I inquired.

“Twenty years abide I here, and verily thou art the first whom I see from my native land, and, because of that, moved is my heart, and my soul rejoices within me.”

Indeed, the old man spoke with a trembling voice, and was very much affected. I was surprised. I had not been sitting twenty years in the woods, and I had met Poles not long ago in San Francisco, so I had no cause to be emotional. Instead, I felt some desire to exclaim: “What a style!” If somebody would keep on speaking to me in that manner the whole day I would become wild. The old man still kept looking at me intently, and his mind seemed to be busy. Several times he attempted to speak and then stopped abruptly. It was evident that he felt that he did not express his thoughts as others

do. He spoke, nevertheless, very correctly, but with difficulty.

“In this far country my tongue has stiffened and my jaws are bound.”

“The truth is no sin,” I thought, but my mirth was leaving me; I felt somewhat awkward, and my conscience pricked me.

“As he speaks, so let him speak,” I thought, “for he speaks with great feeling, deep sadness, and sincerely; it is I who mock him.”

Involuntarily I stretched out both my hands to him. He took them, and pressed them to his breast, repeating:

“A countryman! a countryman!”

His voice vibrated with so strong an emotion that it touched my heart.

In any event I had before me a strange puzzle, and, perhaps, a very sad one. I began to look upon him as if upon an old father. I seated him with reverence upon

the chair and sat beside him while he kept continually looking at me.

“What is heard in our land?” said he.

I set my tongue in motion, trying to speak loudly and distinctly. In this manner I spoke half an hour, and to the measure of my words his head bowed sadly, or the smile came to his lips. He repeated once more the sentence of Galileo, and often questioned me, and always with the same grave, strange and unexplainable style.

Everything I said interested him immensely. All his soul gathered in his eyes and lips. Living alone among the woods, perhaps at another time he would meditate for whole days upon that which now streamed from my lips.

Oh! wonderful old man! and wonderful race of men, who takest with thee to the farthest corners of the world one thought and one feeling. Thou livest with it in the

woods, in the desert, and over the seas; thy body floats away, but thou canst not shake off thy soul, and walkest as strayed sheep among a strange people. But this race dies slowly. I will now tell you about one of its last representatives.

This narrative may seem to be an invention—but it is in truth a reality—Putrament perhaps yet lives in his forest retreat in the vicinity of Mariposa. From his statement I found out what follows.

He was a beekeeper, as are a majority of the squatters. He was not very poor. The bees worked for his living. When he got old he took a young Indian to assist him to attend to them. He went hunting every day. There is plenty of game in the woods near Mariposa—deer, antelope, and an inexhaustible quantity of every kind of fowl.

The bears are now more rare.

His cañon is one of the most beautiful

in the vicinity. Near to the house is an enchanting stream falling in thousands of cascades; the place consists chiefly of rocks and mountains, and upon them forests, and again impenetrable forests—silence, peace.

He invited me urgently to visit him, but as I could not get back until the following Friday, I had to decline his invitation with regret.

He spoke as some Abraham or Jacob. The words “yea, verily, furthermore, thence, wherewith, thee and thou, sayest,” were repeated every moment by him. Sometimes it seemed as if I had before me a man from the time of Gornicki or Skarga, who had traveled under the ground to Mariposa, and arose here from the dead; or who began to live simultaneously with the Big Trees. But, besides this ancient form of language, there was also in his speech a strange solemnity

expressed in the construction of his phrases, by the multitude of pleonasms, by certain special definitions. I decided to solve the puzzle.

“Tell me, my dear sir, what is the origin of this language of yours? It is not a modern speech, but an old one—nobody now speaks so in Poland.”

He smiled.

“I have only one book at home—the Bible—edited by Wujek, which I read every day, so that I would not forget my native speech, and did not become deaf in the language of my fathers.”

Now I understood it all. For twenty years in this far-off Mariposa he had not seen a single Pole, did not speak with one. He read the Bible only, and no wonder that his words and even his thoughts conformed themselves to it. He did not know how to speak Polish otherwise, neither could he learn now. He did not

wish to forget his native tongue for anything in the world, so he used to read his Bible every morning. Besides, nothing reached him from his native land—nothing from anywhere—only the voices of the California forests may have reminded him of the forests of Lithuania.

At our parting I said:

“In a month I return home. Have you any relatives—a brother, or anybody—to whom you wish to send news of yourself?”

He sank into deep thought, as if searching in his memory for some relatives, then began to shake his head.

“None—none—none.”

And yet this old man was reading the Bible of the Wujek edition, and did not want to forget.

At last we said “Good-by.”

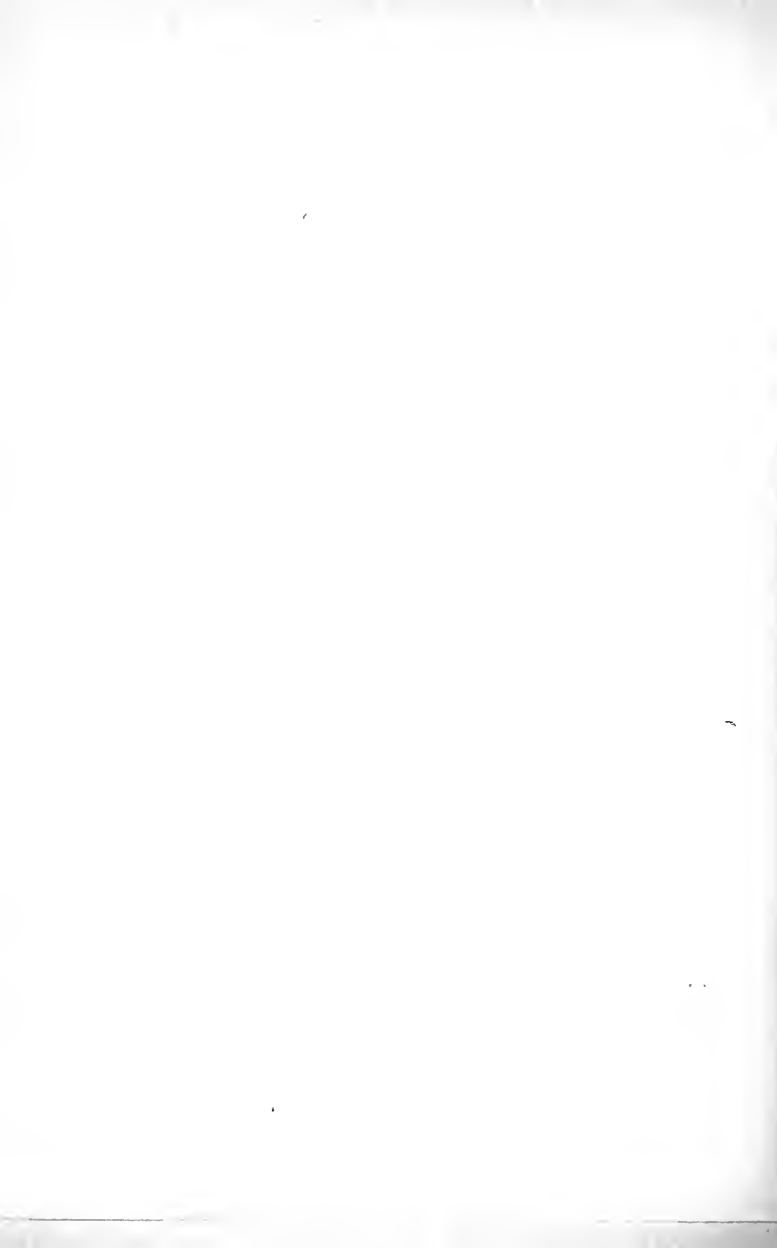
“Lord protect and lead thee,” said he to me, as a blessing for my journey.

He at once rode to the forest. And I, two days later, to the "Big Trees." When I was entering the stagecoach Mr. Biling shook my hand, as if he desired to keep it for a souvenir, and repeated:

"Microslawski was a great man. Good-by ! Good-by ! *Sehr grosser mann !*"

A quarter of an hour later the forests of Mariposa surrounded me. Next day, early in the morning, I thought to myself: "Old Putrament at this time is reading his Bible aloud in the cañon."

THE END.



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